THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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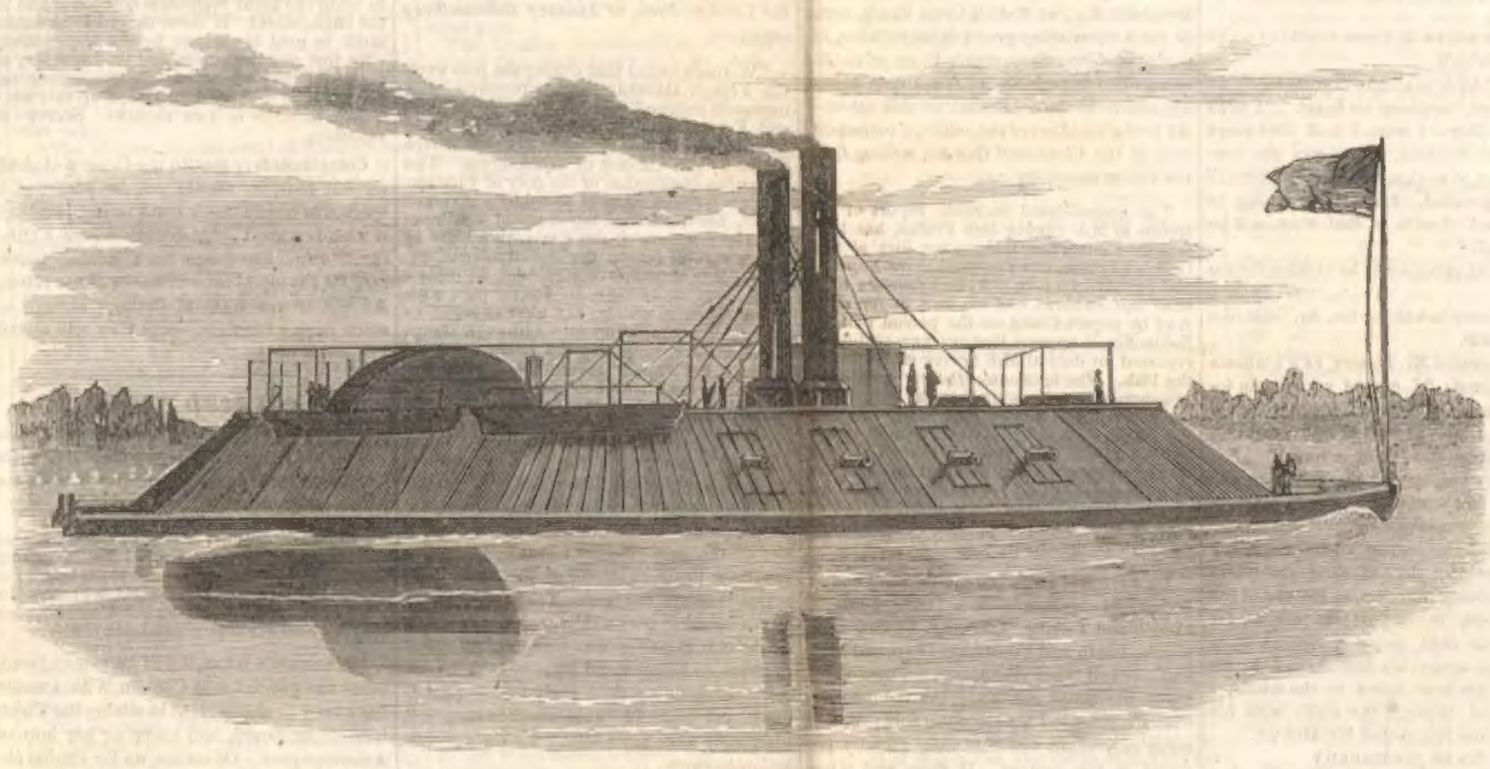

AN IRON-CLAD GUN BOAT AT CAIRO.

Though the reports of an advance of the great expedition from Cairo have been prematurely circulated, public attention is anxiously directed towards Com. Foote and his iron-clad gun boats, for a good account of the rebels about Columbus. Our cut represents one of these iron-clad boats which have been built expressly for the expedition down the Mississippi. They draw only five feet water, and are armed with heavy Dahlgren guns; they are covered with railroad iron in front, at the stern and on the sides.

TOO TRUSTING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The letters all ready to send are here,
Tied with a lover's knot I declare;
They are not quite so neat and clean I fear,
As they were when they came from my lady fair.

I've just finished reading them o'er again,
Sensible, too, as a friend might pen,
But a tender expression now and then
Speaks affection—ah! and it comes again!

That word is a knife in my heart to-night,
'Tis hard to be calm when I think on the past;
And when *these* depart all my youth takes flight—
Yet the door of my soul shall be locked very fast,

And grief will be sealed to a stranger gaze,
For pity is poison to mute despair,—
She gave me this picture in brighter days,
If I keep it I wonder if she will care?

One day I left the tent and the field,
And threw my comrades a cheery farewell,
For the joy of seeing the *one* had steeled
My breast to the ringing of parting's knell.

I found my absence made easy to lure;
Enshrined a new face where *mine* used to be.
Dear! how angry I was to be sure,—
Next morn Will and I staggered home about three!

* * * * *

She spoke to me since, her grief scarce concealed,—
"Had you told me the night you departed,
Your depth of affection more fully revealed"—
(Here a thin ray of light through me darted,)
"My honor had kept me to my reply,
And—I'm sorry—you've always been very kind."

Is honor a passion and Love a lie?
'Tis strange, but we value most what we don't bind!

And yet she would have me these letters retain,
And keep up a show of affection the while,—
Would have me hope on, would spare useless pain:
(She fancies this falseness would fail to beguile!)
No! better erase all those unfruitful years
From Memory, and ties I thought welded in gold,
Than make me a foil which, like closeted tears,
Would cling to her faithfully, though she grew old.

The wrong may be great, yet I still would scorn
To breathe murderous words in censure or blame:
My poor breast by conflicts is too much torn
To be cured by such spite as reproach on her name.
Let the heart be lost if the soul you save:—
(There are those who in heart-torture die.)—
Be this *my* revenge, more manly, more brave,
Some have suffered and lived—*so can I!*

☞ Literature opens a back door out of the bustle world, into a garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to the rest of mankind.—Therein our happiness no longer lives on charity, nor is in danger of a fall when leaning on another's pleasure for our own repose.

Newspapers.—The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked.—*Bishop Horne.*

Loitering.—If thou hast a loitering servant, send him of thy errand just before his dinner.—*Fuller.*

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. HUNTER'S HOME.

"Oh, Mary, I cannot get up; I cannot go. I shall never rise from my bed again."

The tears of Mary Baxendale fell fast at the words. Her mother had been ailing for eight or nine months—had been very ill for two or three. Mr. Rice, the apothecary, who was the general attendant in Daffodil's Delight—a place of which, and its residents, we shall have something to say before long—had given her medicine, and told her to "eat well and get up her strength." But, somehow, the strength and the appetite did not come, and, now that she was worse, she bethought herself of doing what she ought to have done at first—consult Doctor Bevary.

From half-past eight to ten, three mornings a week, Doctor Bevary gave advice gratis. Mrs. Baxendale fixed with Mary a certain Thursday morning on which she would go to him, but, on attempting to rise, she found her weakness too great. It really was so. To get up and dress was all but an impossibility.

"What is to be done?" sobbed Mary.

"Couldn't you wait upon him, child, and describe my symptoms?" urged Mrs. Baxendale, after weighing over the dilemma in her mind. "It might do as well. Perhaps he can write for me. Tell him, with my duty, that I am not equal to it."

Mary did not like the expedition, though she prepared instantly to obey it. Mrs. Baxendale was a superior woman for her station in life, and had brought up her daughter to be implicitly dutiful. Mary would have gone into a sea of fire to benefit her mother; but it seemed a formidable task, the going to explain ailments to this great physician, familiar and pleasant man though he was, and would nod good-humoredly to Mary if he met her in the street.

She proceeded to Doctor Bevary's, waited her turn to go in, and then timidly told her tale.

"Ah! a return of the old weakness that she had years ago," remarked the Doctor.—"I told her she must be careful. Too ill to get up? Why did she not come to me before?"

"I suppose, sir, she did not much like to trouble you," responded Mary. "She has been hoping from week to week that Mr. Rice would do her good."

"*I* can't do her good, unless I see her," cried the Doctor. "I might prescribe just the wrong thing, you know."

Mary choked down her tears.

"I am afraid, then, she must die, sir. She said this morning she thought she should never get up from her bed again."

"I'll step round some time to-day, and see her," said Doctor Bevary. "But, now, don't you go chattering that to the whole parish. I should have every sick soul in it expecting me, as a right, to call and visit them."

He laughed pleasantly at Mary as he spoke, and she departed with a glad heart.

Not home yet. As she reached Daffodil's Delight, she did not turn into it, but continued her way to the house of Mrs. Hunter. Mary Baxendale took in plain sewing, and had some in hand at present from that lady. She inquired for Dobson. Dobson was Mrs. Hunter's own maid, and a very consequential one.

"Not able to get Miss Hunter's night-dresses home on Saturday!" grumbled Dobson. "But you must, Mary Baxendale. You promised."

"I should not have promised had I known that my mother would have got worse," said Mary. "A sick person requires a deal of waiting on, and there's only me. I'll do what I can to get them home next week, if that will do."

"I don't know that it will do," snapped Dobson. "Miss Florence may be wanting them. A promise is a promise, Mary Baxendale."

"Yes, it will do, Mary," cried Florence Hunter, darting forward from some forbidden nook, whence she had heard the colloquy.

A fair sight was that child to look upon, with her white muslin dress, her blue ribbons, her flowing hair, and her sweet countenance, radiant as a summer's morning.

"Mamma is not down stairs yet, or I would ask her; but I know I do not want them. Never you mind them, and never mind Dobson, either, but nurse your mother."

Dobson drew the young lady back, asking her if such behaviour was not enough to "scandalize the square;" and Mary Baxendale returned home.

Doctor Bevary paid his visit to Mrs. Baxendale about mid-day. His practised eye saw with certainty what others were only beginning to suspect—that death had marked her. There would be mourning in the house ere another month should come in. The doctor said nothing then of the danger: time enough for that. He wrote a prescription, gave some general directions, said he would call again, and told Mrs. Baxendale she would be better out of bed than in it.

Accordingly, after his departure, she got up and went into the front room, which they made their sitting-room. But the exertion caused her to faint; she was certainly much worse than usual this day. John Baxendale was terribly concerned, and did not go back to his work after dinner. When the bustle was over, and she seemed pretty comfortable again, one of the young Shucks came up stairs to announce that Mrs. Hunter's maid was asking for Mary, and little Miss Hunter was there too, and said might she come up and see Mrs. Baxendale?

Both were requested to walk up. Dobson had brought a gracious message from her mistress (not graciously delivered though), that the sewing might wait till it was quite convenient to do it, and Florence produced a jar, which she had insisted upon carrying herself, and had thereby split her gray kid gloves, it being too large for her hands.

"It is black currant jelly, Mrs. Baxendale," she said, with the prettiest, kindest air, as she freely sat herself down by the sick woman's side. "I asked mamma to let me bring some, for I remember when I was ill I only liked black currant jelly. Mamma is so sorry to hear you are worse, and she will come to see you soon."

"Bless your little heart, Miss Florence! The same dear child as ever; thinking of other people, and not of yourself."

"I have not got anything to think of for myself of that sort," laughed Florence.—"Everything I want is got ready for me. I wish you did not look so ill, I wish you would have my Uncle Bevary to see you. He cures everybody."

"He has been kind enough to come round to-day, miss," spoke up John Baxendale, "and he'll come again, he says. I hope he'll be able to do the missis good. As you be a bit better," he added to his wife, "I think I'll go back to my work."

"Ay, do, John. There's no cause for you to stay at home. It was some sort of weakness, I suppose, that came over me."

Florence turned to the window to watch his departure, ever restless, as a healthy child is apt to be. "There's Uncle Henry!" she called out.

Mr. Henry Hunter was walking rapidly down Daffodil's Delight. He encountered John Baxendale as he went out of his gate.

"Not back at work yet, Baxendale?"

"The missis has been taken worse, sir," was the man's reply. "She fainted dead off just now, and I declare I didn't know what to think about her. She's all right again, and I am going round."

At that moment there was a tapping at the window panes, and a pretty little head nodding and laughing, "Uncle Henry! How do you do, Uncle Henry?"

Mr. Henry Hunter nodded in reply, and pursued his way, unconscious that the lynx eye of Miss Gwinn was following him, like a hawk watching its prey.

It happened that she had penetrated Daffodil's Delight, hoping to catch Austin Clay at his dinner, which she supposed he might be taking about that hour. She held his address at Peter Quale's from Mrs. Thornimett. Her object was to make further efforts to get from him what he knew of the man she sought to find. Scarcely had she turned into Daffodil's Delight, when she saw Mr. Henry Hunter at a distance. Away she tore after him, and gained upon him considerably. She reached the house of John Baxendale just as he, Baxendale, was re-entering it; for he had forgotten something he must take with him to the yard. Turning her head upon Baxendale for a minute as she passed, Mrs. Gwinn lost sight of Mr. Henry Hunter.

How had he disappeared? Into the ground? or into a house? or down any obscure passage that might be a short cut between Daffodil's Delight and some other Delight? or into that cab that was now whirling onwards at such a rate? That he was no longer visible was certain; and Miss Gwinn waxed exceeding wroth. She came to the conclusion that he had seen her, and hid himself in the cab, though she had not heard it stop.

But she had seen him spoken to from the window of that house, where the workman had just gone in, and she determined to make inquiries there. In the Shuck's kitchen there were only three or four young children, and she found her way up stairs.

John Baxendale was on his knees, hunting among some tools at the bottom of a closet; Mary was meekly exhibiting the progress of the nightgowns to Dobson, who sat in state, sour enough to turn milk into curd; the invalid was lying pale, in her chair; while the young lady appeared to be assisting at the tool-hunting, on her knees, chattering as fast as her tongue could go. All looked up at the apparition of the stranger, who stood there gazing in upon them.

"Can you tell me where a gentleman of the name of Lewis lives?" she began, in an indirect diplomatic sort of way, for she deemed it well to discard violence for tact. In the humor she was in yesterday, she would have said, "Tell me the name of that man I saw now pass your gate."

John Baxendale rose.

"Lewis, ma'am? I don't know anybody of the name."

A pause.

"It is very unfortunate," she mildly resumed. "I am in search of the gentleman, and have lost his address. I believe he belongs to this neighborhood. Indeed, I was almost sure I saw him talking to you just now at the gate—though my sight is none of the clearest from a distance. The same gentleman to whom that young lady nodded."

"That was my Uncle Henry," called out the child.

"Who?" cried she sharply.

"It was Mr. Henry Hunter, ma'am, that was," spoke up Baxendale.

"Mr. Henry Hunter!" she repeated, in doubt, as she knit her brow. "That gentleman is Mr. Lewis."

"No, that he is not," said John Baxendale. "I ought to know, ma'am; I have worked for him some years."

Here the mischief might have ended; but that busy little tongue—ah! what work they make—began clapping again.

"Perhaps you mean my papa. Papa's name is Lewis—James Lewis Hunter. But he is never called Mr. Lewis. He is brother to my Uncle Henry."

A wild flush of crimson flashed over Miss Gwinn's sallow face. Something within her seemed to whisper that her search was over.

"It is possible I mistook the one for the other in the distance," she observed, all her new diplomacy in full play. "Are they alike in person?" she continued to John Baxendale.

"Not so much alike now, ma'am. In years gone by they were the very model of one another; but Mr. Hunter has grown fat, and it has altered him. Mr. Henry looks just like what Mr. Hunter used to look."

"And who are you, did you say?" she asked of Florence with wild emphasis. "Mr. Lewis Hunter's daughter!"

"Of course I am," said Miss Florence.

"And—you have a mother?"

"Of course I have," repeated the child.

A pause; the lady looked at John Baxendale.

"Then Mr. Lewis Hunter is married!"

"To be sure he is," said John. "Ever so many years ago. Miss Florence is twelve."

"Thank you," said Miss Gwinn, abruptly. And as she descended the stairs, she laughed inwardly. "What a mistake to make! If that one had lost his life in the gravel pits, he would have died an innocent man."

Away to the yard now, as fast as her legs would carry her. In turning in, she ran against Austin Clay.

"I want to speak with Mr. Hunter," she imperiously said. "Mr. Lewis Hunter—not the one I saw in the gig."

"Mr. Hunter is out, Miss Gwinn," was Austin's reply. "We do not expect him back at the yard to-day; he will not be home in time."

"Boy! you are deceiving me!"

"Indeed I am not," he returned. "Why should I deceive you? Mr. Hunter is not in the habit of being denied to people. You might have spoken to him yesterday when you saw him, had it pleased you to do so."

"I never saw him yesterday."

"Yes you did, Miss Gwinn. That gentleman who came into the office and bowed to you, was Mr. Hunter."

She stared Austin full in the face, as if unable to believe what he said.

"*That* Mr. Hunter?—Lewis Hunter?"

"It was."

"Mercy, *how* he is altered!" And, throwing up her arms with a strange, wild gesture, she turned and strode out of the yard again.

The house of Mr. Hunter was one of the best in the square. Ascending to it by a flight of steps, and passing through a pillared portico, you found yourself in a handsome hall, paved in imitation of mosaic. Two spacious sitting-rooms were on the left; the front one was used as a dining-room, the other opened to a conservatory. On the right of the hall, a broad flight of stairs led to the apartments above, one of which was a fine drawing-room, fitted up with costly elegance.

On the evening of the day spoken of above, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter were seated in the dining-room: Florence was there likewise, but not seated; it may be questioned if she ever did sit, except when compelled. Dinner was over, but they frequently made this their evening sitting-room. The drawing-room up stairs was grand, the room behind was dull; this was cheerful, and looked out on the square. Especially cheerful it looked on this evening, for a fire had been lighted in the grate, and it cast a warm glow around in the fading twilight.

Austin Clay called. He was shown in, and invited to a seat by the fire, near Mrs. Hunter. He had come in obedience to orders from Mr. Hunter, issued to him when he, Mr. Hunter, had been going out that morning. His journey had been connected with certain buildings then in process, and he thought he might have directions to give with respect to the following morning's early work.

A few minutes given by Austin and his master to business matters, and then Austin turned to Mrs. Hunter. Unusually delicate she looked, as she half sat, half lay back in her chair, the firelight playing on her features. Florence had dragged forth a stool, and was sitting on it in a queer sort of fashion, one leg under her, at Austin's feet. He was a great favorite of hers, and she made no secret of the liking.

"You are not looking well this evening, ma'am," he observed, in a gentle tone, to Mrs. Hunter.

"I am not feeling well. I scarcely ever do feel well; never strong. I sometimes think, Mr. Clay, what a mercy it is that we are not permitted to foresee the future. If we could, some of us might be tempted to—to—" she hesitated, and then went on in a lower tone—"to pray that God might take us in youth."

"The longer we live the more we become impressed with the wonderful wisdom in the ordering of all things," replied Austin. "My years have not been many, comparatively speaking; but I see it always, and I shall see it more and more."

"The confirmed invalid, the man of care and sorrow, the incessant battle for existence with those reduced to extreme poverty—had they seen their future, as in a mirror, how could they have borne to enter upon it? And yet, I have heard people exclaim, 'How I wish I could foresee my destiny, and what is to happen to me!'"

"But the cares and ills of the world do not come near you, Mrs. Hunter," spoke Austin, after a pause of thought.

Mrs. Hunter smiled.

"From the cares and crosses of the world, as we generally estimate cares and crosses; I am free. God has spared them to me. He does not overwhelm us with ills; if one ill is particularly our portion, we are generally spared from another. Mine lies in my want of health; I am rarely free from pain and suffering."

"What should we do if *all* the ills came to

us, mamma?" cried Florence, who had been still, and was listening.

"My dear, if all the ills came to us, God would show us a way to bear them. You know what He has promised; and His promises cannot fail."

"Clay," cried Mr. Hunter, resuming his seat, for he had been in another part of the room, "did any one in particular call and want me to-day?"

"No, sir. Several people came, but Mr. Henry saw them. That—lady—who was there yesterday, came again. She asked for you."

A pause. Then Mr. Hunter spoke up sharply.

"For my brother, you mean. She must have wanted him."

"She certainly asked for you, sir. For Mr. Lewis Hunter."

Those little ears pricked themselves up; and their owner unceremoniously wheeled herself round on her stool, holding on by Austin's knee, as she faced her father.

"There was a lady came up to John Baxendale's to-day, when I and Dobson were there, and she asked for Mr. Lewis Hunter. At least—it was the funniest thing, papa!—she saw Uncle Henry talking to John Baxendale, and she came up and said he was Mr. Lewis, and asked where he lived. John Baxendale said it was Mr. Henry Hunter, and she said no, it was not Mr. Henry Hunter, it was Mr. Lewis. So then we found out that she had mistaken him for you, and that it was you she wanted. Who was she, papa?"

"She—she—her business was with Henry," spoke Mr. Hunter, in so confused, so startled a sort of tone, not as if answering the child, more as if defending himself to any who might be around, that Austin looked up involuntarily. His face had grown lowering and angry, and he moved his position so that his wife's gaze should not fall upon it. Austin's did, though.

At that moment there was heard a knock and ring at the house door, announcing a visitor. Florence, much addicted to acting upon natural impulse, and thereby getting into constant hot water with her governess, who assured her nothing could be more unbefitting a young lady, quitted her stool and flew to the window. By dint of flattening her nose, and crushing her curls against a corner of one of its panes, she contrived to obtain a partial view of the visitor.

"Oh, dear! I hoped it was Uncle Bevary. Mamma's always better when he comes, to tell her she is not so ill as she thinks. Papa, I do believe it is that same lady who came to John Baxendale's. She is as tall as a house."

What possessed Mr. Hunter? He started up; he sprung half across the room, hesitated there, and glided back again. Glided stealthily as it were; and stealthily touching Austin Clay, motioned him to follow him. His hands were trembling, and the dark frown, full of embarrassment, was still upon his features. Mrs. Hunter noticed nothing unusual; the apartment was shaded in twilight, and she sat with her head turned to the fire.

"Go to that woman, Clay!" came forth in a whisper from Mr. Hunter's compressed lips, as he drew Austin outside the room. "I cannot see her; I will not see her. *You* go."

"What am I to say?" questioned Austin, feeling surprised and bewildered.

"Anything; anything. Only keep her from me."

He turned back into the room as he spoke, and closed the door softly, for Miss Gwinn was already in the hall. The servant had said his master was at home, and was conducting her to him. Austin thought he heard Mr. Hunter slip the bolt of the dining room, as he walked forward to receive Miss Gwinn.

"Not there, Mark!" Austin spoke hastily to the servant, arresting the man's footsteps. "Miss Gwinn," he courteously added, presenting himself before her, "Mr. Hunter is unable to see you this evening."

"Who gave you authority to interfere, Austin Clay?" was the response, not in a raving, angry tone, but in one of cold, concentrated determination. "I demand an interview with Lewis Hunter. That he is at home, I know, for I saw him through the window, in the reflection of the firelight, as I stood on the steps; and here I will remain until I obtain speech of him, be it till to-morrow morning, be it till days to come. Do you note my words, meddling boy? I *demand* the interview; I do not crave it: he best knows by what right."

She sat herself down on one of the hall chairs. Austin, almost at a loss what to do, and seeing no means of getting ride of her, save by forcible expulsion, knocked gently at the room door again. Mr. Hunter drew it cautiously open to admit him; then slipped the bolt, entwined his arm within Austin's and drew him to the window.

"She has taken a seat in the hall, sir," he whispered, "and says she will remain there till she sees you, even should it be till the morning. I am sure she means it, and that, stop there, she will. She says she demands the interview of right.

"No," said Mr. Hunter, "she possesses no *right*. But—perhaps I had better see her, and get it over: otherwise she may make a disturbance. Tell Mark to show her into the drawing-room, Clay; and you stop here and talk to Mrs. Hunter."

"What is the matter, that you are whispering? Does any one want you?" interrupted Mrs. Hunter. And her husband turned round, glib words upon his tongue.

"I am telling Clay that people have no right to come to my private house on business matters. However, as the person is here, I must see her, I suppose. Do not let us be interrupted, Louisa."

"But what does she want?—it was a lady, Florence said. Who is she?" reiterated Mrs. Hunter.

"It is a matter of business of Henry's. She ought to have gone to him."

Mr. Hunter looked at his wife and at Austin as he spoke. The latter was leaving the room to do his bidding.

A full hour did the interview last. The voices seemed occasionally to be raised in anger, so that the sound penetrated to their ears down stairs, from the room over head. Mrs. Hunter grew impatient; the tea waited on the table, and she wanted it. At length they were heard to descend, and to cross the hall.

"He is showing her out himself!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunter. "Will you tell him we are waiting tea, Mr. Clay?"

Austin stepped into the hall, and started when he caught sight of the face of Mr. Hunter. He was turning back from closing the door on Miss Gwinn, and the bright rays of the hall lamp fell full upon it. It was of ghastly whiteness; its expression as one living aspect of terror, of dread. He staggered, rather than walked, to a chair, and sunk into it. Austin hastened to him.

"Oh, sir, what is it? You are ill!"

The strong man, the proud master, calm hitherto in his native self-respect, was for the moment overcome. He leaned his forehead upon Austin's arm, hiding its pallor.

"I have had a stab, Clay. Bear with me in silence, lad, for a minute. I have had a cruel stab."

Austin did not really know whether to take the words literally.

"A stab?" he hesitatingly repeated.

"Ay. Here," touching his heart. "I wish I was dead, Clay. I wish I had died years ago; or that she had. Why was she permitted to live, to work me this awful wrong?" he dreamily wailed. "An awful wrong to me and mine! And it is that woman who has done it all."

He rose, and appeared to be looking for his hat.

"Mrs. Hunter is waiting tea, sir," said the amazed Austin.

"Tea!" repeated Mr. Hunter, as if his brain were bewildered; "I cannot go in again to-night; I cannot see them. Make some excuse for me, Clay—anything. Why did that woman work me this crying wrong!"

He took his hat, opened the hall door, and shut it after him with a bang, leaving Austin in wondering consternation.

Later in the evening, as Austin was going home, he passed a piece of clear ground, to be let for building purposes, at the end of the square. There, in its darkest corner, far back from the road, paced a man as if in some mental agony, his hat carried in his hands, and his head bared to the winds.—Austin peered through the night with his quick sight, and recognized Mr. Hunter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Our friends who send us postage stamps, will please send *one or three* cent stamps, instead of the higher denominations, which we find it very difficult to dispose of.

SATISFIED—FOR THE TIME.

It is evident from the tone of the English papers, and the professions of the Ministry, that our English friends are satisfied—for the time. Even the *London Times* was somewhat quieted for several days, during which period it comforted itself by "pitching into" the rebel commissioners—denominating them "about the most worthless booty it would be possible to extract from the jaws of the American lion, having been long known as blind and habitual haters and revilers of England," and giving a peculiar point to its sarcasms, by declaring that "*England would have done just as much to rescue two negroes.*"

But it is already evident that any new cause of offence will be just as quickly grabbed at as the Trent affair was. And the animus of the Ministry is shown by the fact that they deliberately kept from the public the real tenor of Mr. Seward's amicable dispatch to Mr. Adams, which our Minister read word for word to Earl Russell on the 10th of December—allowing the ministerial papers to represent that it "did not refer in any way to the Trent affair." While to the Queen herself, supported by Prince Albert, it is said, are we indebted for the moderate and courteous tone of Earl Russell's dispatch to Lord Lyon; the Queen having positively refused to sanction the harsh and peremptory one the Ministry had resolved upon.

Already do we begin to hear in the foreign papers the mutterings of a new storm. Fault is found with the stone blockade of Charleston especially—which, it must be admitted, is not a proper blockade to apply to ports generally, and which we trust will not be resorted to in any other case.

Two months longer, it is said, the cotton dealers and manufacturers at Manchester have informed young Mr. Adams—the son of our minister—they were willing to wait for something effective to be done in putting down the rebellion. At the end of that time they say they are determined to use their influence to have the blockade broken.

France—or, rather, Louis Napoleon—it is rumored, is even more willing than England to interfere with the blockade, on account of the distressed condition of the French manufacturers, who have a way of always holding the government responsible for a bad year's business. How true this is, we do not know—but we should not be surprised at anything that the French Emperor might do. The recent non-reception of Americans on New Year's day has a rather unsatisfactory look.

In short, it will be wise in us to expect no favors, and but little justice from Europe. Our crime of having been a prosperous and great Republic will not easily be forgiven.

Action is all important—action in Congress and out of Congress. The hours in which success is possible are rapidly passing away. There is no time to wait, so far as Congressional action is concerned, even for the ripening of public sentiment. Public sentiment among the rebels may ripen faster than among us, and they may see that to him who will sacrifice everything else, if need be, success is always possible. Cannot the North see—even the most conservative classes of the North—that it is not impossible that the rebels should succeed, if they will pay the price for it? On one condition they can have the alliance of England, and, it may be, France, before three months have rolled over our heads. And are they not rapidly reaching a state of mind and temper in which they will hesitate at nothing? The public of the North may awaken some morning to be stunned by the news from the South, and to hear the words, "TOO LATE!" pronounced by the stern and inexorable lips of Destiny.

THE RECENT BATTLE.

As the particulars of the recent battle near Somerset, Ky., at Webb's Cross Roads, come to hand, the victory grows in importance, instead of decreasing, which is so often the case. The superiority of the Union troops appears to be demonstrated by this battle.—As to the numbers of the rebels, a correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from the Union camp, says:—

The consolidated morning report of the troops at Mill Spring last Friday, has been found. Crittenden had under him at that time, and there, one thousand three hundred and twenty-two men sick, and *fourteen thousand two hundred and six men fit for duty.* And by papers found on the person of Gen. Zollicoffer, it appears that two new regiments reported for duty at Mill Spring on Saturday, the 18th. The testimony of all the intelligent prisoners whom we took is to the effect that the whole force moved from their camp to the attack of Sunday, except a small guard on the north side, and "White's old regiment," a shattered and demoralized body of men on the south side of the river. Not less than *fifteen thousand* men marched out to give battle, as they supposed, to three regiments of Union troops.

To meet this large body, General Thomas had eight regiments—the Tenth Indiana, Fourth and Twelfth Kentucky, Second Minnesota, Ninth and Fourteenth Ohio, and First and Second East Tennessee. These eight regiments could not bring, at the utmost, over six thousand men into the field; and of these only about one-half were actually engaged in the combat. If these and other statements be reliable, it is impossible to cipher out less than a preponderance of two to one on the part of the rebels. And even granting that at least one-half of Zollicoffer's forces were the raw two-months' levies, that our arms were of a better quality, and that our artillery was better served, the superiority of the Union soldiers was demonstrated.

The abandonment of the strongly fortified works on the Cumberland river, proves that the enemy were thoroughly routed and demoralized. And if the report be true that Beauregard has been dispatched from Virginia to the West, the fact that affairs in Kentucky look rather gloomy for the rebels seems to be admitted by Jeff. Davis and his fellow confederates.

The rebels began the war with the assertion that one rebel was equal to three Union men—it is doubtful whether they still adhere to that opinion. Certainly they seem now always averse to fighting unless they think they can muster at least three to our one. In this case they thought they had ten to one—but found they were not much more than two to one, which led to some very unfortunate results—so far as *they* were concerned.

GEN. HUNTER.

Gen. Hunter seems to take the talk about Lane's Expedition in high dudgeon. He says he is Major General, and he intends to command it, unless he has positive orders from Washington to the contrary. We trust that orders have already been sent to him, not to interfere with Lane. Hunter is the General that said Fremont could not move from Tipton—and then partly made his words good, so far as his own division was concerned, by the slow pace at which he moved southward. He would be a pretty man to put at the head of such a lightning expedition as Lane's is intended to be. No, after we take Savannah, send Hunter there. He is just the man not to run from any place.

——After the above was written, we saw the following in the Washington correspondence of the *Tribune*:—

Dispatches from Gens. Lane and Hunter have been received at the War Department. Each claims the right to command the Expedition to the Gulf, and Gen. Hunter asks for $3,000,000, which Gen. Lane says he (Lane) can do without. Gen. Lane's friends here do not credit the dispatch from Leavenworth. We understand that a dispatch was to-day sent, by the Secretary of War, to Leavenworth, directing Major General Hunter to take command of the expedition about to move from that post southward.

If the above be true, that expedition is probably dished. It is also said now that Sigel *has* resigned.

BAD.

A Chicago paper says:—

On Thursday morning a splendid carriage, valued at $1,000, was presented to Mrs. Lane. J. Lyle King, Esq., on behalf of the donor, made the presentation speech, in which he referred to Gen. Lane as "the coming man." The General replied briefly on behalf of his wife.

Gen. Jim Lane, if you want to stand "without reproach," as well as "without fear," in the eyes of both friends and enemies, accept no presents, of any kind or value, and let your wife accept none. That "splendid carriage, valued at $1,000," has already injured you in our estimation. That is, we begin to fear that you are a man on whom contractors' axes may be ground. See how much Fremont has been injured by that sort of thing, and take warning.

THE BREAKERS AHEAD.

The more the recent foreign news is pondered, the more alarming does it appear. All we have obtained by the rendition of the rebel commissioners is Time. To counterbalance that, there is evidently an increased conviction in England and France of our inability to contend against them. There is evidently a widely extended feeling that, as we have yielded to a just demand—just so far as our own principles were concerned, unjust upon English principles—we will yield as readily to any that it may please either England or France, or both united, to make.

We all know in this country that we will not do this, but they do not know it abroad. If England and France recognize the independence of the rebel states, that is an unfriendly action, and a cause of regret, but no cause of war. But if, following such a recognition, they attempt to break the blockade, that is war itself, and must be met by war.

Among the numerous indications that mischief is brewing, we take the following from the London *Press*, of January 18th—a Tory organ:—

"We understand that during the past week the French Government has renewed, with increased urgency, its proposal that England and France should act together in putting an end to the paper blockade of the Southern States by the Cabinet of Washington. The barbarous destruction of the port of Charleston, an outrage against the whole civilized world, has quickened the desire of the Imperial Government to put a stop to a state of things so injurious to the community of nations. Her Majesty's Government, we understand, decline to take an active part with France in this matter, but have engaged to give their moral support. Although disappointed in not obtaining the co-operation of England, the French Government, reluctantly contenting itself with her moral support, *has resolved to proceed at once in its measures for raising the blockade of the Southern States.*"

We must prepare for trouble. The speediest mode of avoiding all difficulties with foreign powers, is to conquer the rebellion. But our people do not seem to understand the exigencies of the case—cannot be made to realize the life-or-death character of the struggle in which they are engaged. They pride themselves on being conservative—*in war.* They allow old constitutional scruples, very well in peace, to hamper and embarrass them—*in war.* And, doing thus, every month puts it more and more in doubt whether they will ultimately have any country for their constitution to sway.

It seems to us that the times are full of immense peril. Three months from this date, an allied European fleet may blockade our principal ports, and be in the Delaware and Potomac rivers. The game will then either be up entirely—and the Union permanently severed—or victory will have to be gained through long years *of* strife, involving the probable capture of many of our towns and cities, and an appalling loss of life and of the means of living.

With a view of these terrible evils hanging over us, how can both leaders and people falter and procrastinate, and hesitate at any measure, however radical and desperate, that promises to save the Republic? Will they wait until the storm is upon us, and then take counsel only from despair? It is the part of wisdom to anticipate and avoid, not blindly and stupidly to await the storm. Now is the hour when victory and safety are possible. Every day brings that hour nigh when defeat and shame are almost inevitably our portion. And yet those who, seeing the precious moments passing, endeavor to awaken the country from its lethargy—and say to it in the words of Danton, that you must *dare* everything, if you would save everything—these men are either regarded as false prophets of evil, or as troublesome persons who will not let the country rest.

This is not the time for rest. It is not a time for old precedents. It is not a time for narrow Constitutional scruples. It is not a time for timid generalship. It is a time for new ideas, for bold and original statesmen, for prudent but daring generalship. The hour of danger is at hand, it is at our very door. If we have not the leaders for that hour,—men with minds and wills fitted to cope with the peril—the day of our national dissolution is also at hand.

THE MORGAN CASE.

In a recent report, the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs fully discuss the defence made by Secretary Welles of the Morgan purchases. The Committee condemn Mr. Morgan's conduct in strong terms. They find upon inquiry that there is no "mercantile custom" sanctioning Mr. Morgan's course. They say:—

One of the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber of Commerce, in answer to a letter addressed to the President (the President being absent from the city,) encloses the rates of commissions recommended by the Chamber in cases where no express agreement is made, and in that list of commissions two-and-one-half per cent. is set down as the commission for purchasing or selling vessels, but he adds:—"In the sale of vessels, as in the purchases, brokers are frequently employed, and in such case a brokerage is generally agreed upon by the parties selling." Two-and-a-half per cent., instead of being, as stated by the Secretary, the least possible expense or charge, is the very highest ever sanctioned or recommended by the Chamber of Commerce. The ordinary compensation in New York for a broker, or commission merchant, for making a large purchase, is generally, if not always, regulated by contract, and does not exceed half the sum paid by the Secretary of the Navy to Mr. Morgan, and in such large purchases as those made by him for the Government should not exceed one-fourth of one per cent.

They conclude their report as follows:—

The seventy thousand dollars of the public money now in the hands of Mr. George D. Morgan, in equity and good conscience belongs to the Government and not to him, and should at once be restored to the national treasury, and such reasonable compensation for his services paid to him as justice may require.

If the Senate endorses this report, Mr. Welles, it is probable, will resign. At least, he should do so.

By the way, we have heard a rumor that the builders of "The Star of the West" never did get more than $35,000 for her—and that the other $20,000 went somewhere between them and the Government. Will not the Van Wyck Committee look into this? The builders could tell.

NOT BAD.

A letter from one of those engaged in the fight near Somerset, Ky., says:—

What a lucky thing that Zollicoffer was bold enough to attack our force; had he not done so, no battle would have been fought here for a long time. *And this victory cannot be credited to the skill of a Brigadier-General. The battle was entirely accidental; the position was entirely a chance position, and the men themselves, led by their Colonels, fought the battle and won it.* The 10th Indiana got into the fight supporting their pickets, the 4th Kentucky and 9th Ohio rushed in, *without orders,* to support the 10th. Whether the 2d Minnesota had orders to go in or not, I do not know. And these four regiments did all the fighting that was done; and that was enough to whip the eight regiments Zollicoffer had in the engagement. If these Brigadier-Generals must be paid big wages by the government, why just pay it to them and let them stay at home, for they are no earthly use among us. Let the men go ahead and wind up this war; it can be done in two months. Secret—*do something.*

Complimentary that to the Generals! And, for our part, we should not be surprised if there was considerable truth in it. Strategy, if wise, is a good thing doubtless—but a number of sound thrashings are absolutely necessary for the moral improvement of the rebels. All our troops want is strategy enough to show them a fair fight,—and they will attend to the rest of it.

A POINTED REQUEST.

We learn by the foreign news, that Earl Russell, in his reply to Mr. Seward's letter, while proposing to write another dispatch upon the points of international law, says:—

"In the meantime, it will be desirable that the commanders of the United States cruisers should be instructed not to repeat acts for which the British Government will have to ask for redress, and which the United States Government cannot undertake to justify."

Mr. Seward's letter, it will be remembered, takes the ground that Captain Wilkes would have been perfectly right in seizing the Trent, with all on board, and carrying her into an American port. Of course, under similar circumstances in the future, it would be right for any of our naval commanders to do the same thing. Therefore, Earl Russell thinks it would be well for our Government to instruct our naval officers *not* to do what Mr. Seward has argued that they have a perfect right to do. Now if Mr. Seward will have such an order issued, he will do a very sensible thing by eating, in fact, his own ill-considered words.

It is alleged that the United States Government will grant the request of the Governor and Legislature to send an expedition South from Philadelphia, to be composed of Pennsylvania regiments, and that Gen. Heintzelman will command it.

As we have said, we doubt greatly the policy of stripping Pennsylvania of all her soldiers. If, however, the expedition is sent, we trust it will be used to reinforce some of those already on the Southern coast, that they may be able to do something effectual. The main object for urging such an expedition appears to be, that money may be spent in this city for the benefit of certain unknown parties.

THE COTTON TREE.—Mr. Kendall, of "Cotton Tree" reputation, would oblige us by sending us his address for the benefit of some of our readers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LAST TRAVELS OF IDA PFEIFFER: Inclusive of a Visit to Madagascar. With an Autobiographical Memoir of the author. Translated by H. W. DULCKEN. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

"The news of to-day is most cheering, is it not?" said a reverend friend of ours a few months ago, as he took his seat in the family circle. "What news? do tell us! is there a fresh extra?" was the general cry; for it was soon after the catastrophe of Ball's Bluff, and good news was desired with even more than usual avidity. Our reverend friend looked round with the mild complacency we all feel at being the first harbinger of stirring intelligence, and, after a pause, announced impressively, "The Queen of Madagascar is dead!" Silence fell at this unexpected piece of information, till a slight titter ran round the younger members of the circle, and some one whispered the words of a game in vogue among them:—"What news, my lady? Bad news, my lord; the Prince of Munky-Funky is defunct." The information that followed as to the character of the Queen of Madagascar, her power over her subjects, and the manner in which she had employed it, soon made us feel that we were much mistaken in treating as a matter of no moment a fact upon which depended the destinies of so many thousands of our fellow creatures.

This narrative of the last travels of Madam Ida Pfeiffer, which is chiefly devoted to the record of her adventures in Madagascar, has very much deepened the impression made upon us at that time, and makes us rejoice anew that Providence has at last released that wretched people from their terrible persecutor.

Madagascar is in extent far from occupying an insignificant place, being of greater area than the whole of the British Isles; and indeed next to Borneo (Australia, as a continent, being excepted) it is the largest island in the world, and also one of the most physically favored regions of the earth. Warmed by a tropical sun, well-watered by lakes and rivers, its wooded mountains alternating with vales and plains of unexampled fertility, swarming with animal life, but almost free from noxious reptiles and dangerous wild beasts, it would seem to offer an earthly paradise to its fortunate occupants. Its sole natural disadvantage seems to be the unhealthiness of its coasts, resulting from the sand bars which block the mouths of the rivers, causing them in the rainy season to overflow their boundaries and leave stagnant lakes and pools to spread malaria through the land. But here in this beautiful country, as in others most richly endowed by nature, we find the natives of the soil not the conquerors and possessors of nature's forces, but their inert and feeble slaves. This native population consists of four distinct races. On the south side the Kaffirs, on the west the negroes, the Arab race in the east, and the Malays in the interior. Of these races the Malays, or Hovas, have gradually obtained the ascendancy. During the reign of their late king, Rudama, he succeeded in extending his rule over all the island except the south-western and south-eastern coasts. This remarkable man, who did much to deserve the title he so much coveted of "Rudama the Great," allied himself to the English, favored, or at least allowed the establishment of missions, the founding of public schools, and the introduction of the Bible. Arts and manufactures were fostered during his reign, the laws were mitigated, and the export of slaves prohibited. He, in fact, opened the door of civilization to Madagascar; and had the policy of England been less selfish and grasping, and her treaties with Rudama as faithfully kept on her side as on his, that unhappy country might now, perhaps, have been peacefully progressing in Christianity and civilization. In spite of the disappointments which England inflicted on the King of Madagascar it was not until his death that the connection between the two countries was dissolved. He was succeeded by his wife, Runavola, the Queen whose death we began by celebrating; no woman, to judge by her works, but a demon. Hating all Europeans, but above all the English, she drove away the missionaries, did all in her power to root out Christianity from the land, and upon her unhappy subjects, especially all who did not belong to her own race, the Hovas, lavished unheard-of persecutions and cruelty. That thousands of wretches have been tortured and killed yearly, monthly, almost daily during her reign is a fact that might find a parallel in other half-civilized despotisms, but some of the points of Queen Runavola's tyranny are, we believe, quite original with herself. For instance, her government is maintained without any expenditure whatever on her part, the people being forced to render service of all kinds, without compensation, to herself and her chief nobles. Her economy goes so far that she omits to furnish any food for these enforced laborers, thousands of whom die of starvation in the course of any great work undertaken by their sovereign.

It was to the court of this amiable potentate that Madam Ida Pfeiffer, the world-known traveller, directed her course in what was, though she knew it not, her last voyage to foreign lands; and here, after witnessing with curiosity and amusement the odd customs of the court, the medley of races, costumes and manners, and the strange engrafting of Parisian luxury upon savage barbarism, she found herself unwittingly engaged in a dangerous political conspiracy, the aim of which was to remove Runavola from power, and replace her by her son, Prince Rukato, a man whose character offers so complete a contrast to his mother's, that it seems that only a miracle could have raised and nurtured so gracious a plant on so ungenial a soil. Madam Pfeiffer's description of him, coming in the midst of her other ugly, savage portraits, reminds us of some wonderful fairy prince. "Prince Rukato," she says, "is short and slim in stature, and his face does not betray a likeness in form or color, to any of the four races who inhabit Madagascar. His features have quite the type of the Moldavian Greeks. His black hair is curly, but not woolly; he has dark eyes, full of life and fire; a well-shaped mouth, and handsome teeth. His features wear an expression of such child-like goodness that one feels drawn toward him from the first moment of seeing him.

"His life seems to be occupied with the offices of the Good Genius of his wicked mother. He delivers the captives, feeds the hungry, and comforts, in every way possible, the victims of her cruelty."

A plot to place this beloved prince on the throne might have been expected to succeed, but it was not so. Madam Pfeiffer, through the pages of a diary written in her usual style of homely simplicity and phlegmatic composure, follows the whole course of the conspiracy to its final failure, through the defection of the commander-in-chief of the army. The Queen, who dotes on her son, though she allows him so little influence upon her actions, affected to know nothing of the plot, but had probably been informed by her spies of its whole course, and it was this knowledge, no doubt, which stimulated her to begin a persecution of the Christians among her subjects which, for barbarity and perseverance, seems to have equalled those of the old Roman Emperors. Happily, it was not so effective as she desired, for many of the royal officials, being Christians in secret, favored the escape of their brethren in every possible way.

Madame Pfeiffer, with the five other Europeans (French and English,) who had been concerned in the conspiracy, were merely banished from Madagascar, but were, on their journey from the capital, exposed to such sufferings and privations as proved the Queen's desire that they should not survive to leave her coasts. In this she was disappointed, as they all embarked in safety, though worn and enfeebled with repeated attacks of coast fever. Behind them the persecution of the Christians still raged; the last item in Madam Pfeiffer's diary mentioning the death of ten Christians, in the market-place before her house that day, perishing under tortures, but singing hymns and glorifying God with their last breath. In the two years between that time and Runavola's death we know not what more of horrors have transpired, Eu-

ropeans being excluded from the country, and communication between it and the civilized world nearly cut off. If the amiable and beneficent Prince Rukato has quietly succeeded to the throne, we may now hope for a better future for this strange land of bizarre contrasts of intelligence and stupidity, luxury and savage degradation, Christian faith and heathenism too dead to worship even stocks and stones.

Madam Pfeiffer's sufferings in Madagascar were never recovered from. Repeated attacks of the fever prostrated her strength, and engendered diseases of the internal organs, which soon proved fatal. She died in Vienna, October 1861, having just completed her sixty-first year. So the restless feet are stilled at last, and the insatiable curiosity for new things which never let her rest is satisfied, let us hope, from "the treasury of things new and old." An interesting memoir of her life, partly autobiographical, is appended to this volume, and gives us the key to the motives which prompted her singular life. As a traveller she accomplished great things; in view of the obstacles in her way they appear truly marvellous. Her observations have been of great use to the world of science by their patient and truthful accumulation of facts, though she herself did not possess the scientific knowledge or the philosophical frame of mind requisite for their elaboration. She was a remarkable woman, whose like will probably never be known to the world again.

THE PROHIBITED SONG.

[As our readers may have some curiosity to see the "incendiary" song which the Hutchinsons were banished from the Potomac camps for singing, we quote it as follows. It is by the poet Whittier:—]

[LUTHER'S HYMN.]

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation:
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages feared
Its bloody rain is dropping;
The poison-plant the fathers spared,
All else is overtopping.
East, West, South, North,
It curses earth;
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of steel?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon?
What breaks the oath
Of the men of the South?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?—
Hark to the answer: SLAVERY!

Then waste no blows on lesser foes
In strife unworthy freemen,
God lifts to-day the veil and shows
The features of the demon!
Oh, North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not cry,
"Let Slavery die!"
And union find in freedom?

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going,
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his overthrowing!
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To stay the Curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven!

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But, blest the car
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery forever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing:
Before the joy of peace, must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!

☞ A livery stable keeper, named Spurr, would never let a horse go out without requesting the lads not to drive fast. One day a man called for a horse to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr; "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "don't drive fast." "Why, just look a-here, old feller," said the somewhat excited young man, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession if it kills the horse!" Spurr instantly retired to a stall and swooned among the straw.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IMPORTANT ADVICES—PLEASURE AT THE RENDITION OF MASON AND SLIDELL.—ENGLISH WRITERS SEEKING FOR A FRESH QUARREL.—DOUBTFUL ASPECT OF FRANCE—&c., &c.

The rendition of Mason and Slidell was hailed with great pleasure by the press in general and the public.

The London Times, of the 9th ult., congratulates the English nation on the pacific result of its honorable conduct in the case of the Trent, and then proceeds as follows:—

"*It is a great victory, though it is but an escape from being obliged to conquer. We are but where we were before we were so grossly insulted. We have but curbed for a moment the insolence of a neighbor who took pleasure in continually provoking us, and had permitted him-self at last to go beyond the possibility of sufferance.* We have done nothing to set up monuments to commemorate; we have only held our own in the great community of nations, and read a necessary lesson to an ill-mannered companion."

The Morning Herald indulges in savage exultation over what it considers the triumph of England over America. It praises the President for the part he has played in the Trent business, but stultifies its compliments by saying that he had to choose between probable ruin for himself and certain destruction for his country.

We turn next to the Morning Star, the organ of Bright and Cobden, and (as we believe) the faithful exponent of the sentiments of the mass of the English common people. The Star says:—

"The Federal Government of America has read a lesson to Kings. It has acted in a spirit worthy of even its earliest and freshest days, when the impulse of new liberty was still a passion and a religion. Placed in a position of the uttermost danger, it has not lost courage or composure; tried by the strongest temptation, it has not swerved from the right. In surrendering the Confederate Commissioners on the ground that the 'Government cannot deny the justice of England's claim,' the President of America has done an act of true courage which would, if such an addition were possible, have added new dignity even to the career of a Washington. If this be the act of a mob government, then mobs must sometimes reach to a nobleness and a spirit of justice sadly uncommon in the history of governments by princes and peers. * * * * * *

"Nor is honor only due to the Federal Government. The people and the press of the United States deserve the highest credit for their demeanor during the trying crisis. With the exception of one journal, which really may be taken as an exception when praise of any kind is spoken, the newspapers of the United States evinced throughout this dispute, a calmness and moderation as honorable to them as rebuking to some of their British cotemporaries."

The London Shipping Gazette says that the character of the Federal Government will stand higher than ever in consequence of its conduct in the Trent affair.

The French journals, generally, compliment the Cabinet at Washington on their action in regard to the Trent affair.

The financial writers in the English journals indulged in all sorts of gloomy forebodings for America under the suspension of specie payments. Some argue that the issue of unconvertible paper may be expected to render the country more than ever a prey to social disorganization and jobbery.

The London Globe makes the announcement that the Cabinet of Washington had given orders for the release of two Americans—Messrs. Zacharie and Rogers—taken from the English schooner Eugenia Smith by the steamer Santiago de Cuba.

There was continued activity in all departments of the Portsmouth dock yard.

The U. S. gunboat Tuscarora and the rebel steamer Nashville remained in *statu quo* at Southampton. It was stated that the Tuscarora's movement in leaving her moorings, on the 18th, was to prevent the Nashville from getting under weigh for 24 hours. It was understood that the Tuscarora's orders were never to lose sight of the Nashville, to blockade her in Southampton, and if she should leave, to chase her as long as she is at sea.

In addition to the English frigate Dauntless, the war steamer Argus has been placed at the mouth of the Southampton docks, to watch the movements of the two vessels.

A late report says that the Nashville had been sold to an English ship-owner.

The London Times says that mercantile letters from New York represent the cry for promoting insurrections among the slaves as gaining force, and looking at the threatened horrors, whispers were at length heard of a wish that, for the sake of humanity, European intervention might be found practicable.

Additional correspondence has been published in regard to the Trent affair, including Earl Russell's reply to Mr. Seward's dispatch, dated Jan. 11. It expresses much satisfaction at the conclusion arrived at by the Washington Government, which it considers most favorable to the maintenance of the most friendly relations.

The English Government, however, differs from Mr. Seward in some of his conclusions; and, as it may lead to a better understanding on several points of international law, Earl Russell proposes in a few days to write another dispatch on the subject. In the meantime, he says, "It is desirable that the Commanders of United States cruisers shall be instructed not to repeat acts for which the British Government will have to ask redress, and which the United States Government cannot undertake to justify." Lord Lyons is thanked for his discretion, &c.

Several members of Parliament have been addressing their constituents. Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a speech made at Leith, expressed very friendly terms toward America, hoping that the concessions of the American Government would be received in a generous spirit. He thought, however, that the North had undertaken a task too big for them.

Mr. Gilpin, member of Parliament from Northampton, in addressing his constituents, declared that the lack of sympathy on the part of England for the North, was owing to the latter having ignored the great principles of the Declaration of Independence, declaring all men free and equal. He believed that the question had now really become one of slavery or freedom, and therefore called on Englishmen not to sanction the premature acknowledgment of the South.

Mr. Henley, at the same meeting, made similar remarks. He said we must not think of our pockets. We must not go to war with the Southern Confederacy in order to get cotton.

Mr. Beresford Hope took opposite ground to the previous speakers, and rather favored the recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

In view of the pending arrival of Mason and Slidell, various expedients were being adopted at Liverpool to *secure anything but a flattering reception for them.*

The London Shipping Gazette says that "war, or else further diplomatic strife, is inevitable between England and America."

The publication of the correspondence in relation to the Trent affair has led to some very bitter strictures on the despatch of Mr. Seward, particularly that part of it where it is insinuated that the prisoners, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, would have been detained had the interests of the Union required it.

The London Times doubts whether any nation ever committed a blunder so palpable and enormous.

The London Morning Post says:—"It is clear that the law of the stronger is the only law ruling in the United States."

The London Herald says that the last four lines of Mr. Seward's dispatch is the only part of it that can be accepted as an answer to the British demands.

The Commissioners of Customs have received orders to permit the exportation of all articles of war munitions against which the prohibition was recently issued.

It is said that the Liverpool Shipowners' Association, having memorialized Earl Russell against the blockade of Charleston harbor by the stone fleet, Earl Russell, in response, stated that he sent dispatches to Lord Lyons, in December, expressing the dissatisfaction of the British Government at such a proceeding, and giving it as his opinion that the consummation of the act would lead to the belief in Europe that the reconstruction of the Union was considered impracticable. He also stated that, after the design was carried out, he sent another dispatch to Washington, deploring the course which had been pursued, and expressing strong hopes that the proceeding would not be repeated at any other port.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says "it is no secret that the South has its active and intelligent agents in London, as well as its 'officiously' recognized envoys, and that they are straining every nerve to force the Government into some action or policy that will tend to alienate England further from the North, and bring her into closer relations with the South." He says, in relation to the stone blockade of Charleston:

"It would not at all surprise me to hear that all the Great Powers had united in a representation on this subject to the Federal Government, and that, too, going beyond protest, and amounting to prohibition. I believe the French Government is in communication with ours on this subject, from which very grave consequences may yet arise."

The Guardian, in an editorial on the matter, is strongly of opinion that the British Government might with propriety make it known at Washington that England will not, if she can help it, allow what has been done at Charlestown to be repeated at any other port of the rebel states.

The Morning Post rejoices at the general condemnation which the stone blockade was receiving, and says:—"The barbarities now practised by the United States Government are equally bracing the energies of the South, and rousing the European Governments to a common sentiment of indignation. We hardly know why Europe has hitherto acted towards the Northern Government with so much more long suffering than she showed towards Holland in 1831 and 1832. Holland was never guilty of the barbarities committed by the Washington Cabinet, but France and Great Britain, as soon as the Belgians showed that they could hold their own, and the war grew destructive to commerce and general security, unhesitatingly recognized the independence of Belgium."

The London Times, in an editorial on the suspension of specie payments in America, argues that there can be no comparison between the circumstances under which England resorted to similar measures in 1797 and those which prevail in America at present.—It says, however, that it would be useless to argue matters with the Americans, and proceeds to show the dangers of the step for the benefit of English readers. The article concludes as follows:

"If the war is safe to last even one year longer, what will be the value of a promise to pay which will not be redeemed till a proper interval after that year? We do not expect to be listened to across the Atlantic, but we think we see in this financial catastrophe a beginning of the end. With twice the expenditure of our war, the Government of Washington cannot raise half our revenue by taxation. Let that speak for itself. To us it speaks of either bankruptcy and disorder, *or the expedient of a European arbitration.*"

In regard to the report that the celebrated frigate Warrior was to join the North American fleet, it is explained that the Warrior was about to embark supernumeraries for the Mediterranean and West India stations, and convey them to Lisbon. On arriving there she will transfer those for the North American and West India squadron to the Edgar, which would sail immediately afterwards to join the squadron of Admiral Milne, while the Warrior would await further instructions at Lisbon.

The ships of war which had assembled at Gibraltar were expected to be ordered back to Lisbon.

PARIS, Jan. 19.—The *Journal des Debats* thinks that Lord Palmerston's intentions towards the United States are not pacific.

The *Temps*, in announcing that Messrs. Mason and Slidell are expected shortly to arrive at Havre, says that no obstacle will be offered to the fulfillment of their mission to France and England. The Plenipotentiaries of the South will be allowed to plead for the recognition of the South.

The *Presse* says that the French Government will not receive Messrs. Mason and Slidell, nor any other Southern Commissioners.

The *Pays* says that the Government of Ecuador has requested the mediation of England in Peru, and that England has accepted the office of mediator.

The *Independance Belge* says that France will assume the initiative in making diplomatic remonstrance against the blockade of the ports of the Southern States, and that England will only afford France moral support.

The *Moniteur* says that the number of partisans in England for the recognition of the Southern Confederacy increases, and that there is no doubt that many will advocate this measure in the approaching session of Parliament.

The Paris correspondent of the London Morning Post writes as follows:—"It appears that Mr. Dayton, the American Minister at Paris, sent in a list of some twenty or thirty American citizens for presentation at the Tuileries on New Year's day. The representative of the United States thereupon received a note from M. Thouvenel, Minister of Foreign Affairs, requesting to know what was the rank and social position of the gentlemen and ladies who desired the honor of being presented to their Imperial Majesties.

"I believe I am correct in saying that Mr. Dayton simply replied that the persons for whose presentation he had applied were ladies and gentlemen who would be received by the President of the United States. It resulted that no Americans were presented at all at the reception in question. I believe that the presence at Court, on former occasions, of some persons of American origin scarcely presentable in any society, was the cause of M. Thouvenel's note to Mr. Dayton."

The Emperor had been slightly wounded in the neck by some stray shots from a gun, while out shooting.

☞ Young folks are more anxious to conceal their love than hate—probably because they are more ashamed of it.

THE COST OF THE ARMY.

Attention has been called to the fact that it costs a much larger sum to sustain an army in this country than in any other. It appears that with 600,000 men in the field, we are spending for their subsistence, transportation, equipment, &c., at the rate of $600,000,000 a year, and $150,000,000 or more for the navy, coast defences, and civil list. Compared with the expenses of other countries this is an enormous amount. The French budget for 1860 was 345,000,000 francs, or $65,000,000, which sustains a force of 750,000 on a war footing, and a reserve of 415,000 men. We are spending money at ten times that rate for our army.

We pay seven per cent. for our government loans, while England pays but three per cent., and when we spend $700,000,000 annually, Great Britain could expend $1,400,000,000, without burthening her people any more than we do ours with half the amount. A consideration of these facts should alone be sufficient reason for energetic action on the part of those who are managing the war. Our people at present are able and willing to be taxed to pay the war expenses upon the basis the government has assumed; but if the contest is prolonged there is danger that we shall sink under the exhaustion. The short war now contemplated will be got along with well enough, but a two years' draft upon the country at the present rate will not be so comfortable to think of.

[*Note.*—One reason of our large expenses, is that our army had to be provided with arms, cannon, uniforms, &c. Now they are provided, our expenses ought to be less.]

THE UNION FORCES APPROACHING SAVANNAH.

The following items are from the Southern papers.

AUGUSTA, Jan. 28.—Intelligence from Savannah states that six Federal vessels entered the river yesterday, back of Little Tybee, and passed up to the north end of Wilmington Island, thereby cutting off the communication between Fort Pulaski and the city of Savannah. The enemy shelled Wilmington Island, and fired at the Confederate steamer Ida, but no injury was done. Commodore Tatnall's fleet was at Thunderbolt.

Some of the pilots who had refused to give their services to the officers of the Burnside expedition, report that the Federal forces are thirty thousand strong, and that the fleet numbers 175 vessels.

"SAVANNAH, Jan. 29.—The city is comparatively quiet, and no immediate attack is apprehended. The object of the Yankees seems to be to cut off communication with Fort Pulaski. There were six Federal gunboats at Wall's Cut, and seven at the head of Wilmington Island, commanding the channel of the river, yesterday. Tatnall's fleet conveyed two steamers and a flatboat towards Fort Pulaski with provisions. The enemy opened fire upon them, and the battle lasted forty minutes. The provision boats and the steamer Sampson are now returning. The Federals fired upon the latter and she was slightly damaged. Fort Pulaski is now fully provisioned for six months. A letter from an officer of the fort says that the enemy cannot take the fort by any attack.

"The Yankees are engaged in removing the obstructions in the channel. There are other defences yet to pass. The people of Savannah are firm and confident in their ability to defend the city."

RIFLES FOR AMERICA.—When the Queen's proclamation prohibiting the export of munitions of war was issued, the American agents, who had been exceedingly busy in the market, were, of course, very much disconcerted. Various schemes were tried for evading the law, but in the face of the proclamation, and the regulations adopted for enforcing it, it was found impossible to execute the large orders for arms, and some of the makers applied to the Government, representing the hardship of their case, and asking if they would take a portion of the weapons off their hands. In reply, specimens were asked for, and these having been supplied were sent to Colonel Dickson, superintendent of the small-arms factory at Enfield, with instructions to report upon them. We are informed that upon examination and trial they were found to be of most inferior make, and that many of the so-called "rifles" were merely grooved a few inches from the muzzle.—*Morning Post.*

☞ A critic of Mr. G. V. Brooke's acting in "Othello," complains of the long pauses introduced, and says it is a common fault with him. Once while acting Hamlet, Mr. Brooke made a very long stop after the words, "To be, or not to be," upon which an impatient occupant of the gallery vociferated to the tragedian, "Toss up for it, Brooke!"

☞ A story is told of a person asking another one whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend money. "What? lend him money? You might lend him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

☞ Philadelphia has the largest fire department in the world. It consists of 90 companies, 27 steam-engines, 46 hand engines, 106 hose carriages with four wheels, and 10 with two wheels. The estimated value of the property is over $1,000,000. The number of fires in that city during the past year was 362; estimated loss $343,290; insured $205,265.

☞ Somebody writing from Washington, says:—"Only think," said little Viola Hutchinson to me, with childish naivete, "after I was through, N. P. Willis kissed my hand, and thanked me for the song. No one ever kissed my hand before. And you know he is *such* a lion." This was at the White House.

☞ It is a fact, and one which speaks well for the sex, that no postmistress has ever been a defaulter to the government. There are several hundred ladies in the employ of the service.

☞ Nothing hides a blemish so completely as cloth of gold. This is the first lesson that heirs and heiresses commonly learn. Would that equal pains were taken to convince them that the having inherited a good cover for blemishes does not entail any absolute necessity of providing blemishes for it to cover!

☞ The worst of all kinds of eye-water is a coquette's tears.

☞ A widow said to her daughter,—"When you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the girl, "for a second time."

FOREIGN INDICATIONS.

Private letters received at Washington from England, from high sources, say that there is no doubt existing there of the intention of England to acknowledge the rebels in a very short time, if we do not do something.

It is rumored that Belmont, the banker in London, has sent on a despatch, stating that England, France, and Spain would recognize the rebels, and open the cotton ports in a very short time.

The following is an extract of a letter, per Africa, dated:

"LIVERPOOL, Jan. 18.— * * * I call your particular attention to various articles in the papers I send you by this mail. I can assure you your government is not increasing the number of its friends on this side the ocean.

"The operation in blocking up harbors is looked upon as the most unprecedented and barbarous proceeding of modern days, and you must not be surprised if it turns out that the stones sunk at Charleston prove to be the rocks upon which the Lincoln government will be wrecked.

"It is recognized that, for purposes of defence, a people have the right to temporarily obstruct the entrance into their own ports, but not that an aggressive enemy has a right to permanently to put a stop to navigation anywhere.

"Look out for squalls. People are getting tired of this sort of work."

The London Observer suggests that France and England should unite to re-establish peace in the way that England, France, and Russia united, in 1827, to re-establish peace between Greece and Turkey. It says the refusal of Turkey to accept their mediation led to the battle of Navarino; but it intimates that the North would consent to a separation of the Union rather than risk a similar discomfiture.

An American correspondent, of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, writing from London, under date of Jan. 18th, says:—

"There is now, at this moment, a new game about to be sprung on us, by the rebels, in Europe. It is to *bait* France and England with the offer of *free ports*, and '*emancipation of all slaves born hereafter*,' if they will but recognize the South, and raise the blockade and so dismember us. The Abolitionists *per se* of Europe, who don't understand the whole extent of what we have to grapple with, in this question at home, rebuke us much and withhold their sentiment of sympathy, because we don't free the slave; and now the sympathizers of the rebels here, having to back down somewhat from their conduct on the Trent affair, will avail themselves of this large door to creep through and go still for the South, in order to yet see their devilish desire accomplished by breaking us up. Shall the rebels catch them on the *bait* now to be offered, and thus command in Europe the initiative of sentiment for proposing *to free the slaves?*

"The Union must not so be caught, but must deal *decidedly* and *promptly* with this dread question. It is fearful, but *must be met!* Better meet it than lose our Union! How, I can't suggest, but it *must be met.*"

SPEECH OF SENATOR JOHNSON, OF TENNESSEE.—Senator Andy Johnson advocated the expulsion of Mr. Bright, of Ind., from the Senate. In the conclusion of his speech, he referred to Mr. Saulsbury's (of Del.) speech, and contended, at some length, that the South was entirely responsible for the war, and that the North gave all the compromise that was necessary, but that the Southern traitors would not accept it. If the Senate has not moral, physical, and political courage enough to expel those who are unsafe depositories of the public trust and power, then they were not fit to remain here themselves. He did not say these things in any spirit of unkindness, but for the sake of constitutional liberty, and for the sake of his own wife and children. By the failure of the Government to enforce the laws, his wife and children were turned into the street, and his house made a barracks, and one of his sons-in-law sent to prison, and the other to the mountains, to evade the tyranny and the hell-born and hell-hound spirit of disunion, and when cries come up that the laws may be enforced, you say, "No, I am against the entire coercive policy of the Government."

The only way to settle the question now before the Government is, not to compromise, but to crush out the leaders of the rebellion. We have got to show pluck, and got to fight. He desired peace, but the only way to get it was by the sacrifice of blood and treasure. Then let us crush out the rebellion, and look forward to the time when we shall raise the glorious old flag beneath the cross, and gather round with the cry of "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

A PETITION ANSWERED.—In a garden of Berlin, a canary bird was found, bearing on its neck a small note. The address was unusual—"*An den lieben Gott*"—to the good Lord. The finder broke the seal, and found a sincere message, in accordance with the direction. It was written by a lady, an inmate of a private lunatic asylum. The unfortunate one, pleading for relief from her sad situation, asked a speedy death. She complained that the misrule and self-will of a rude female attendant were the cause of her suffering. All explanations to her relatives were vain, because this attendant attributed her complainings to a diseased mind, and punished her for attempting to make known her situation. The benevolent individual who found the note determined to investigate the matter. The lady's name was subscribed in full, so that her friends were easily found. She was removed to another institution. In a few months the best wishes of her friends were gratified. She was fully restored.

CUTE OLD LADY.—The Rev. Mr. French, who has recently been engaged in a missionary work among the contrabands at Fortress Monroe, relates the following:

On passing an old woman, returning from camp, with a large bag of clothes on her head, and her arms heavily laden with wood, we said: "Hard times for poor colored folks, when kind masters have run away from them."

Her face lighting up, she replied: "Oh! no, indeed, these be good times, bless the Lord; we been praying for such times many years."

"You can not support yourselves, can you?"

"Oh! yes; if we could support ourselves and masters, too, I guess we could support ourselves, if we had a chance."

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—It is yet doubtful how many vessels were lost at Hatteras. Three or four probably—with some half-dozen lives—and large quantities of stores. At last accounts seventeen of the naval vessels were in Pamlico Sound, and active preparations were going on to strike an effective blow at the rebels. Gen. Burnside was busy arranging his troops to act in concert with the naval portion of the expedition, and Commodore Goldsborough, in his official despatch to the Navy Department, says that things look more hopeful, and he expresses the wish that they may soon encounter and vanquish the rebels. It is expected that the place attacked will be Roanoke Island, where the rebels have two batteries and about three thousand troops.

LATEST NEWS.

THE HUNTER AND LANE IMBROGLIO.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The President, in conversation, yesterday, with Representative Conway, of Kansas, stated that he appointed James H. Lane Brigadier-General with the express understanding that he was to serve under Gen. Hunter, and that Gen. Lane had frequently declared his willingness to do so; that he (the President) had and has the strongest desire to oblige Gen. Lane, and consequently he appointed a large staff to suit and gratify him; that while he hoped and expected an expedition somewhat to his liking would be sent forward under him, he expected it to be done by amicable arrangement with Gen. Hunter. He never intended, and does not now intend, that it should be independent of Gen. Hunter, or in any way offensive or dishonoring to him; that Gen. Lane must receive his orders from Gen. Hunter, and the President will be glad if Gen. Hunter, acting within the range of his orders and his sense of duty to the public, can give such orders as will be satisfactory to Gen. Lane.

A released prisoner from Richmond reports that Beauregard has left for Kentucky, taking with him 15,000 men from Manassas, and that Jeff. Davis is to take command at Manassas in person after his inauguration, on the 22d. The greatest panic prevails at Norfolk and Richmond relative to the Burnside expedition.

It is reported that facts have transpired going to show that the transports of the Burnside expedition were nearly all of heavier draught than their owners represented.—Hence came the difficulty at Hatteras bar.

The states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey are, by order issued to-day, added to the limits of the army of the Potomac.

The California Legislature has agreed to assume the California portion of the national taxes. Another rain storm had commenced. In most of the interior counties the storm had subsided, but communication with the mining districts is still suspended.

A GENTLEMAN from Nashville narrates to the Louisville Democrat the story told by the rebel fugitives of Zollicoffer's defeat. He says: "The rush for the boats was so great that hundreds were crowded into the river and drowned; the cavalry pushed into the swollen stream pell mell, and many of them were also drowned. The lowest estimate any of them put on the rebel loss was 1,000—some saying fully 1,500—but they stated that the majority of them were drowned.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 1.—A party of rebels, under J. C. Morgan, of Lexington, captured five U. S. army telegraph operators, near Campbellville, and all their implements and wagons.—The same party subsequently burned a church at the station. The reports from the army represent that all is quiet.

IMPORTANT ORDER OF SECRETARY SEWARD—THE REBEL PIRATES TO BE TREATED AS PRISONERS OF WAR.—The Secretary of State, on Friday, directed the release from Fort Lafayette of all the persons taken from on board of rebel armed vessels, which order has been undoubtedly executed.

SAVANNAH, Jan 30.—Yesterday a fleet of steamers went down to look after and strengthen the obstructions in the river.—They were unmolested by the enemy. Most of the Yankee vessels were drawn off the day previous.

Seventeen Federal vessels were at Warsaw Sound yesterday, and heavy firing was heard there. The cause is unknown.

The Republican has a private letter, dated Bainbridge, Jan. 27, in which it is reported that a fight took place at James's Island near Apalachicola, in which sixty Federals were killed and thirty-five taken prisoners. The enemy were entirely routed. Our loss thirteen.

☞ A Ladies' League is forming in Boston for the purpose of cultivating the taste for goods of American manufacture. If those who *can afford* to wear silks would set the example, we should see those who cannot afford in reality to do so, abandoning styles which impoverish a nation.

☞ The tasks set to children should be moderate. Over-taxation is hurtful both physically and intellectually, and even morally. But it is of the utmost importance that they should be made to fulfill all their tasks correctly and punctually. This will train them for an exact, conscientious discharge of their duties in after life.

☞ Capt. Yates, of the Ocean Eagle, and the Rev. William Walker, an American missionary, have published certificates, showing that M. Du Chaillu was living at the Gaboon at the time his "Explorations" represent him as making his great discoveries in Equatorial Africa. The "Atheneum" says that "all the published testimony from the Gaboon goes to prove that a main part of M. Du Chaillu's narrative cannot possibly be true."

☞ A young farmer asked an old Scotchman for advice in his pursuit. He told him what had been the secret of his own success in farming, and concluded with the following warning:—"Never, Sandie, *never*, above all things, NEVER get in debt, but if ever you do, *let it be for manure!*"

☞ Napoleon Bonaparte punished every dishonest army contractor with death. He regarded every man who sought to coin money by malpractice upon the Government, in a time of war, as worse than a public foe.

☞ The duty on tobacco in "*Free Trade*" England amounts to about seven times the first cost price.

☞ Upon two lovers, who, being espoused, died both before they were married:—

"She first deceased; he for a little tried
To live without her, liked it not, then died."

☞ To judge of Christianity from the lives of ordinary, nominal Christians is about as just as it would be to judge of tropic fruits and flowers from the produce which the same plants bring forth in Iceland.

☞ An advertisement in an Irish paper setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes, among other particulars enumerates as follows:—

"These sashes will last forever, and afterwards, if the owner has no use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

☞ Good temper is like a sunny day, it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.

☞ Rarey is in Madrid, performing in white kids, dress coat, and beautiful apparel, before Queen Isabella, and also challenging the bull-fighters to tame bulls with him, he using his strength, they their ring weapons.

THE BALL IS UP.

The ball is up at the Central Park!
Come, gather your skates and away;
There's glorious health, and the heart's true wealth,
Out on the ice to-day.
Ah! now I see your flashing eyes—
The ice is a wonderful spell—
Yes, she is there, that maid so fair,
She whom you love so well.

You loved her when to the harp and horn
You swung her in the dance;
When through the night, by the crystal light,
You watched her silent glance.
You loved her when you held her hand
And saw her cheek grow pale;
The night when first your courage durst
Breathe forth the old, old tale.

But now to-day, when the ball is up,
And she, the loved one, there,
The blue of the skies will blend with her eyes,
And the gold of the sun with her hair.
Ah! then you will love her twice as much
As ever you did before;
That the ice is a spell you will learn full well,
More potent than ball-room floor.

You can mark the flush on her rounded cheek,
The flash in her love lit eyes,
The waist you have spanned, and the tiny hand
And the lips without disguise.
You will like them better, my boy, to-day,
Under the light of the sun;
By its golden glow you will learn to know
What you have wooed and won.

—*Harper's Monthly.*

MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The ancient Romans had three forms of marriage—the *confarreatio*, the *coemtio*, and the *usus*. The first was a civil as well as religious contract, effected in the presence of a priest and of ten witnesses, and the offspring of such union were *patrimi et matrimi*. Less dignified and important in the eyes of the law was the coemtio. It was a merely civil engagement, completely binding, yet conferring not the honor of the patrimi and matrimi on the children. Still less honorable was the third form of matrimonial union, the usus. To constitute it binding in law, no forms or ceremonies whatever were required, but merely twelve months' uninterrupted cohabitation.

With the overturn of the mighty empire of the Cæsars, Roman laws and customs were diffused all over Europe, and while the confarreatio was adopted by nearly all the rest of Christendom, the coemtio got into fashion with German princes and nobles. The Roman secondary form of marriage was found to be extremely convenient to counteract the effects of the *lex salica*, and the absence of a law of primogeniture; and thus there arose, not long after the fall of Rome, first among the Lombards, and afterwards in the Teutonic empire north of the Alps, the *matrimonium ad morgengabam*, or, as subsequently called, *ad morganaticam*. The barbaric word was of Lombard origin; an illusion to the ancient German custom of making a present to the newly married wife the morning after the celebration of the nuptials—literally, a "morning-gift." According to this new form of matrimonial union, a revival of the coemtio, a German prince or great noble, when allying himself to a person of inferior rank, conferred only his hand, but not his title and fortune; or at least not more than was conveyed of the latter in the *Morgengabe*, the free gift on or after the wedding-day.

In Germany, about the fifteenth century, the *matrimonia ad legem morganaticam contracta* came to be greatly in fashion with younger sons of royal and princely houses. At the death of Duke William, of Brunswick-Luneburg, in 1490, his seven sons, among whom, according to custom, the land was to be divided, made a common agreement, to the effect that only one should take unto himself a princely consort, and the rest to be content with morganatic spouses. The lot for a royal bride fell on the sixth son, Prince George, who accordingly married a high-born princess; while his eldest brother remained a bachelor, and the others took refuge in vulgar alliances *ad morgengabam*. The fourth son, Prince Frederick, was fortunate in his choice, for, marrying the beautiful daughter of his private secretary, he had a numerous family, the descendants of which prosper to this day, as Barons von Luneburg. As customs gradually become law, so did the system of morganatic marriages in course of time produce a royal code of matrimony, in which the marriage of princes with persons of lower rank, in other than morganatic form, was subjected to high penalties, particularly as respected the fair sex thus aspiring. The barbaric law was not unfrequently carried into execution. Duke Ernest, of Bavaria, in the year 1416, had a beautiful girl, Agnes Bernauer, of Straubingen, condemned to death, for daring to marry his son, Prince Albert; and all the tears and entreaties of his family did not save the fair young creature from the scaffold. The princely tyranny so created soon showed its fatal effects on the morals of the high-born class itself. Flatterers argued that if crowned heads were allowed to adopt a particular form of marriage, not legal with subjects, they also were not bound to conform to the monogamic principles of the lower classes, but might marry in morganatic fashion over and above the ordinary way. The insidious advice was listened to with pleasure by several princes, who forthwith carried out the new doctrine by taking second wives *ad legem morganaticam*. Landgrave Philip, of Hesse, one of the champions of the Reformation, was among the first to inaugurate the new fashion. This was before he had been made acquainted with the teachings of Luther; for he had no sooner become a Protestant than he began to feel scruples as to the righteousness of the second marriage. He accordingly consulted the most eminent of the new Reformers, soliciting them to state their opinion on the subject; and Doctor Martin Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, Corvinus, Adam, and Melander, replied to the appeal in the following curious declaration, dated July, 1539, and signed by all of them:—

"We cannot advise that the license of marrying more wives than one be publicly introduced, and, as it were, ratified by law. If anything were allowed to be known on the subject, your Highness easily comprehends that it would be understood and received as a precept, whence much scandal and many difficulties would arise. Your Highness should be pleased to consider the excessive scandal; that the enemies of the Gospel would exclaim that we are like the Anabaptists, who have adopted the practice of polygamy, and that the Evangelicals, as the Turks, allow themselves the license of a plurality of wives. * * * But in certain cases there is room for dispensation. For example, if any one, detained captive in a foreign country, should there take to himself a second wife, for the good of his body and health. In this and like cases, we do not know by what reason a man could be condemned who marries an additional wife, with the advice of his pastor; not with the purpose of introducing a new law, but of satisfying his own necessity. Nevertheless, even in this case, the marriage ought to take place secretly, so that no scandal may arise."

The upshot was, that Landgrave Philip of Hesse kept his second morganatic spouse, and induced others to do the like.

The above strange document, the genuineness of which has been often doubted, but with no show of reason, was published for the first time in 1679, by the Elector Palatine, Charles Ludwig, son of the unhappy "winter king" of Bohemia, and brother of famous Prince Rupert. Even at this period, the custom of marrying a morganatic spouse, over and above the first wife, had not fallen entirely into abeyance; but being in bad repute, the elector thought of propitiating public opinion by an appeal to the Fathers of the Protestant Church. His Highness had been married for several years to the Princess Charlott of Hesse, when he fell in love with her lady of honor, Maria von Degenfeld, and resolved to unite himself to her in morganatic fashion. He did so with considerable solemnity, notwithstanding the protest of his wife and her friends; but maintaining to the last that his second union was perfectly legal, according to the ancient laws of Germany in respect to princes. Maria von Degenfeld brought her morganatic husband fourteen children, nearly all boys, who bore the title of Counts of the Palatinate. But the son of the elector by Charlotte of Hesse succeeded to the throne without protest. Public opinion, meanwhile, had declared itself strongly against the open bigamy of Prince Charles Ludwig; and though morganatic marriages continued to flourish in Germany, his was the last involving a plurality of wives. Out of the empire, the custom was not more successful. Several Polish kings tried the practice of morganatic bigamy, but became very unpopular in consequence: and King Emmanuel of Portugal, who died in 1580, and left a son by a morganatic union, utterly failed in getting him adopted by the states of the realm.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the *matrimonium ad legem morganaticam* came to attract the attention of the highest legal authorities in Europe, owing to an attempt, on the part of a German prince, to destroy the civil consequences of such marriage contract, and to give it the same value as that of the ordinary matrimonial union. Duke Anton Ulrich of Saxe-Meiningen, in the year 1711, united himself *ad morganaticam* to Elizabeth Schurman, the beautiful daughter of a captain in the army, a lady of superior education, and exquisite tenderness of mind. Becoming more and more enamored of his young wife, the duke after a while determined to make her his full and real consort, so as to lift her up to the rank of duchess, and enable her and his children to succeed him on the throne. As a first step to this effect, he petitioned the Emperor, Charles VI., to grant the title of Princess of the Empire to her; and while the appeal was pending, he made such arrangements as he thought would secure the succession to his children. Thereupon a violent storm arose in the princely world of Germany, every family protesting against the contemplated desecration of high-born privileges. Loudest in their protests were the Princes of Saxe-Gotha, Saxe-Anhalt, and Saxe-Eisenach, the nearest heirs to Duke Anton Ulrich, in the absence of legitimate offspring; and seeing their advice to his Highness disregarded, they concluded a family pact among themselves, declaring all morganatic marriages ineffectual, even if changed into ordinary alliances, and pledging each other to oppose, if necessary by arms, the advent of any of the children of Elizabeth Schurman. Against this decidedly illegal pact, the duke appealed to the Emperor, reiterating at the same time his demand for the grant of a title to his wife.—The Emperor wavered long in giving his reply. The most eminent lawyers of Europe were unanimous in asserting for Duke Anton Ulrich the full power to marry either princess or commoner, and to install his consort in all the rights and privileges of a real wife, as well as to give the same rights to the children of such union. The sovereign princes of the empire, on the other side, energetically opposed this declaration of principle, stating it as the basis of princely law in matrimony that there should be *Ebenburtigkeit* (equality of birth), and protesting against any infringement of this law as utterly pernicious to the welfare of the realm. The Emperor, though leaning personally towards the cause of Duke Anton Ulrich, was forced at length to give way to the pressure exercised upon him by the body of electors and sovereign princes, and declared against the rights of succession of the duke's children.

The German kaiser having vanished from the world, and the empire being dead, this decision, though confirmed by the diet of 1747, is probably at present but a piece of waste paper. The important question of the validity of morganatic marriages, as regards the claim of children to the rank and property of the father, has in reality never yet been definitely settled. George I. himself, it is certain, was married in morganatic fashion to Fraulein Schulenberg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal; and though the offspring of this union, represented in Lord Chesterfield's descendants, has no claim to legitimacy, the same cannot be said of other royal marriages of the same kind. Without speaking of the morganatic marriage of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, with the Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave, September 6, 1766, which is of no particular importance, or of that of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, with Lady Ann Luttrell, on October 2, 1771, which is scarcely more consequential, although in virtue of it a certain lady continues to claim some ten million sterling from the British crown, there remains the notable match between the sixth son of George III., the Duke of Sussex, and Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. The marriage ceremony took place at Rome, in the presence of an English clergyman, April 4, 1793, and, to leave no doubt of its legality, was repeated at St. George's, Hanover Square, December 5, 1794. The union, which only became known some time afterwards, was declared illegal and invalid by the English ecclesiastical court, as being contrary to the Royal Marriage Act of 1772; but the question having been revived in later times, great doubts were expressed by the most eminent jurists whether the annulment of the union was not the most illegal part of the whole proceeding. The offspring of the duke's marriage were two children, Augustus Frederick, born June 13, 1794, and Augusta Emma, born August 11, 1801. The former entered the army at an early age, under the name of Augustus d'Este, and gradually rose to the rank of colonel. He lived at first a very retired life; but the successive deaths of the elder sons of George III. opening the perspective of the throne of Great Britain to the Duke of Sussex, he put his claim to legitimacy prominently forward. He did so particularly in the year 1830, during the season of general political agitation. The claim excited great interest among continental jurists, on account of the involved succession to the kingdom of Hanover; and a whole legion of books and pamphlets were ushered into the world at the time, discussing the pretensions of Colonel d'Este. Two of the most eminent German lawyers, Kluber and Zacharia, declared themselves strongly in favor of the colonel's claim, and even assisted in bringing the question before the Frankfort diet, where, however, it was silently dropped, in consequence of a hint from Prussia. When the Duke of Cumberland ascended the throne of Hanover, with no successor but a blind son, the discussion was again revived. Colonel d'Este going so far as to present himself before the Hanoverian chamber of nobles, in 1834, with the demand to be admitted as member of the royal family, and prospective heir to the crown.—Threats of assassination, it is said, forced him to leave Hanover; whereupon he went to Berlin, in 1836, to lay his case before the King of Prussia, Frederick William III., himself morganatically married. The king received him on the footing of a prince, but did nothing for him; and so the affair gradually dropped, and was forgotten. Nevertheless, the Hanoverian liberal party—never reconciled to the arbitrary rule of the House of Cumberland—are understood to have secret hopes that some change will take place one day in favor of the descendants of the Duke of Sussex.

The most notable morganatic marriages of recent years have been those of the late King of Prussia (just alluded to,) of the King of Denmark, of Archduke John of Austria, and of several Princes of the royal Bavarian family. The marriage of the King of Prussia with the Countess Augusta von Harrach, celebrated November 9, 1824, made considerable noise at the time, on account of the bride being a zealous Roman Catholic, and believed to be a pupil of the Jesuits. The young wife, born August 30, 1800, soon acquired an extraordinary influence over her aged husband, whom she seemed to govern entirely; and there were not wanting sinister rumors that she intended to lead him over to the faith of Rome. The excitement created by this rumor threatened to be dangerous, and to allay it, the Countess, in 1826, embraced Protestantism. She was created thereupon Princess of Liegnitz, and took part in all official fetes and assemblies as the declared consort of the King. Even after his Majesty's death, in 1840, she was treated with the greatest respect by his successor and all the members of the royal family; and even had the honor of being inserted in the *Almanach de Gotha*, though only in the rear of legitimate princehood, as *veuve morganatique*. Less honor has fallen to the share of another morganatic consort, the spouse of his Majesty of Denmark. King Frederick VII., now reigning, contracted, on the 7th of August 1850, a morganatic union with Lola Rasmussen, whilom a milliner's apprentice of Hanover, then a lady out of occupation at Hamburg, and finally—as the *Gentleman's Magazine* of October 1850 quaintly reports it—"well known to the Copenhagen corps of officers." Lola Rasmussen is said to have become acquainted with the King, her husband, on the occasion of a violent conflagration in one of the main streets of Copenhagen, when she took active part in working the pumps. She is not beautiful, but of great energy of mind, and is known to exercise considerable influence in the government of Denmark. Soon after the celebration of the marriage, she was elevated to the rank of Countess of Danner, and the income of several large domains assigned to her. King Frederick was married twice before his union with the Countess, and in both cases his consorts—the first, a Princess of Denmark, the second, a Duchess of Mecklenburg—obtained a separation on account of cruelty. The matrimonial action is said to be now reversed.

One of the most curious morganatic marriages of modern times has been that of the late Archduke John of Austria, the famous Lord Protector of Germany during the stormy days of 1848. Archduke John, born January 20, 1782, the sixth son of the Emperor Leopold II. of Austria, distinguished himself early in the anti-Napoleonic wars, during which he organized the insurrectionary movement of the Tyrol and the alpine countries of the Vorarlberg. Becoming thus acquainted with popular life and manners, he never lost his fondness for it; but at the end of the war retired to a small country-house near Gratz, there to enjoy the pleasures of rural life. He made frequent hunting excursions, and in one of these had occasion to require the services of the postmaster of Aussee, a little village in the mountains. It was late on a cold January evening that he arrived at the postmaster's humble dwelling, to ask for a carriage to take him a stage onward to his destination. The master, Herr Plochel, was not at home, and all the carriages and horses were in use; nevertheless, the smart daughter of the house volunteered to drive the humble traveller, whom by his dress, she held to be a pilgrim, in a two-wheeled cart across the hills, that he might not come to harm in walking along the lonely road. So they set out, the son of the Emperor and the daughter of the postmaster; he silent and preoccupied, she merry as a bird, chatting and singing alpine songs all the way along. Anna Plochel was not beautiful, but merely what people call interesting; the Archduke thought she was the most interesting creature he had ever set eyes on. He shook hands warmly when set down from the humble cart; and the next day, to Anna Plochel's great astonishment, was again at Aussee. He stayed three days at the little village inn, had long chats with little Clara, and at the end of the time asked the postmaster the hand of his daughter. Of course, the suitor was required to give his name and profession. "Johann, Archduke of Austria, late field-marshal; now out of employment." Herr Plochel, a serious man, did not like the reply, and angrily bade the visitor to leave his house, and never show himself again. In vain did the stranger plead that what he had spoken was the truth, and nothing but the truth; all his arguments had but the effect of making the postmaster more and more angry. So nothing was left for Prince Johann but to go to Gratz to fetch some friends who would vouch for his "respectability." This he did, then got the postmaster's consent, was duly proclaimed in church, and married to Anna Plochel on the 18th February, 1827, exactly three weeks after he had made her acquaintance in the two-wheeled cart. Prince John did not in the least make a mystery of the union, but forthwith sent word to Vienna that he had been morganatically married, and would give himself the pleasure soon of introducing his wife at the Hofburg. The kaiser laughed, the Empress got into a fury. The upshot came to be, that Johann's humble spouse was made a Baroness of Brandhof and Countess of Meran, with a large annual pension. When Archduke John was Lord Protector of Germany in 1848, his morganatic wife acted as mistress of the house, in the hall of the Old Emperors at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Several sons were the offspring of the marriage, the eldest, now called Count of Meran, born March 11, 1839. The Countess is still living, being at present in her fifty-sixth year.

Two Princes of the Royal House of Bavaria—Prince Charles, uncle, and Duke Louis, cousin of the present King—are married in morganatic fashion. Prince Charles, the only brother of ex-King Ludwig—famous as poet, artist, and friend of Lola Montez—has united himself to a Fraulein Bolley, the daughter of a school-master. The marriage took place in the reign of King Ludwig, who, with his accustomed liberality, placed no obstacles whatever in the way of the Prince and the Fraulein, but was present at the ceremony, and at the end of it presented the fair bride as a *Morgengabe* with the title of Baroness of Beyersdorf, and a charming park and mansion on the banks of the Lake of Tegern, in the Bavarian Alps. The other Prince of Bavaria, living in morganatic union, Duke Louis, of the branch of Deux-Ponts, is residing with his wife, a tradesman's daughter, in great retirement near the city of Landau, in the Palatinate.

Besides the above named, there are some fifteen other German Dukes and Princes married in morganatic fashion; among them is a member of the illustrious family of Saxe-Coburg, otherwise so high-soaring in matrimonial alliances. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, born January 31, 1824, brother of the King-regent of Portugal, nephew of the King of the Belgians, and first-cousin of the late Prince-Consort, united himself, in March, 1851, to Fraulein Constance Geiger, a young teacher of music in the town of Vienna. The marriage ceremony took place in public, and with considerable pomp, although with a total absence of court carriages. The witnesses were Herr Haslinger, music publisher and composer; and Herr Streicher, pianoforte manufacturer, both uncles of the bride. The musical element was as strong on this occasion as the morganatic. The Vienna papers which gave all the details of the ceremony, state that the bride wore a dress of brown silk, "quite new." Even later than this morganatic marriage, is that of the sovereign Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, which happened on the third of November last. The bride, daughter of a Prussian physician named Schulz, is said to be only nineteen, and very beautiful and accomplished; his Highness is sixty-eight.

Morganatic marriages are certainly on the increase in Germany at the present time; the fact is generally admitted even among high conservative writers, and held to be, on the whole, favorable to the existence of royalty. It has been remarked for many years past, that those illustrious families among whom intermarriage had become most common, were obviously declining in physical and mental strength; and this evil, it is thought, will be remedied after a while by those alliances now called 'morganatic. Few doubt that they are the stepping-stone from the present unnatural order of things, by which a small number of persons stand aloof from the whole world in which they live, pretending that they are of different flesh and blood. That Kings and Princes should address each other in epistolary communication as *Mon frere* seems pardonable enough; but that they should be all real brothers, uncles, nephews, and cousins, appears to be undesirable. Nature, to some extent, has put a *veto* upon it, as demonstrated in the case of the Hapsburg and various other royal Houses. Perhaps the family of German sovereigns—a strict circle of brothers, sisters, and cousins—begin to be aware of this fact; and hence the greater number of morganatic marriages in modern times, even among the leading Princes. Already the growing intelligence of the age has had its effect in this matter, and must make its impress ere long on the barbarous *matrimonium ad morganaticam*.

ORIGINAL FABLES.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Frisk, my lady's dog, had a way of standing on his hind legs and looking out of the window to see what was going on in the world without. One fine winter morning, having finished an excellent breakfast of bread and milk, and warmed himself thoroughly on the hearth-rug, he ran to his old place, the window having been opened a little to let out the smoke. He had just settled himself when Growler and Drover, two shepherd dogs, met underneath the window, their coats looking dingy against the white snow, and rough and shabby with hard running, while their breath floated in thick curling clouds on the clear air.

"Good day, Drover—it's terribly sharp," said Growler.

"Ay, pretty well for that," said Drover.

"I've seldom known it to set in so bad as this so early," said Growler.

"No—it *is* trying," said Drover; "especially in the mornings, I can hardly feel my legs."

"Our sheep are just frozen," said Growler; "and as to the cows, their teeth pretty well freeze to the turnips."

"Poor brutes! no wonder I heard old Dobbin cry out that his shed was so cold he was as still as the old barn-door that won't go on its hinges; what in the world do all those poor creatures do that lie out on the common—the stray donkeys and the gipsy horses?"

"What, indeed! it makes one's teeth chatter to think of them."

"Fie! fie!" said Frisk, looking down on them; "I'm sure this is most seasonable weather—what *would* you have?—a fine fresh sparkling air, a bright blue sky, and a healthy crisp frost—*charming* weather if you would only be sensible of it: you should try for a contented mind, friends, and recommend the same to the sheep, the cows, Dobbin, and the stray donkeys; for reflect, I pray you, it is, all of it, what they are used to, and what they may always expect.

Frisk said all this with much vivacity, his eyes dancing with animation, and a smirk of satisfaction on his face.

"Ah!" said Drover, looking up, "have you had breakfast?"

"Yes," said Frisk.

"Pray where did you have it?" asked Drover.

"By the fireside," said Frisk.

"So I thought," said Drover; "perhaps if you knew the meaning of hard quarters and short commons, you wouldn't be quite so philosophical. Change places with us for a few days, and *then* let us see what sort of a sentiment you would send to Dobbin and his fellow sufferers."

THE MILL HORSE AND THE RACER

"What a dull life yours is!" said a racer to a mill-horse.

"Dull enough," said the mill horse.

"You must feel uncommonly stupid!"

"Stupid enough," said the mill-horse.

"Round and round—round and round, and that, day after day! no wonder your head hangs down—why, you're just a piece of machinery, and no better."

The mill-horse didn't answer, but continued going his round, while the racer, who was tethered near, repeated his remarks every time he came within hearing.

"I'm afraid I've offended you," said the racer.

"Oh, no," answered the mill-horse; "but my quiet life has this advantage in it—it gives me time to think before I speak."

"And have you been thinking while I have been talking?"

"Yes," answered the mill-horse; "and I'll tell you what I've been thinking—you're a very fine fellow, and I am contemptible in your sight; but I know which of us would be the most missed. Depend on this, if I and my breed were to take our departure, and no other substitutes could be found, folks would do without racing, and take you and your breed into our places."

THE TWO SIDES TO A TALE.

"What's the matter?" said Growler to the black cat, as she sat mumping on the step of the kitchen door.

"Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way. "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me. I wish heartily some one would hang her."

"Why, what *is* the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Hasn't she beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to be the death of me?"

"Dear, dear!" said Growler; "pray what has brought it about?"

"Oh, the merest trifle—absolutely nothing: it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder they haven't hanged her long ago."

"Well, you see," said Growler, "cooks are awkward things to hang; you and I might be managed much more easily."

"Not a drop of milk have I had this day!" said the black cat; "and such a pain in my side!"

"But what," said Growler, "what immediate cause?"

"Haven't I told you?" said the black cat, pettishly; "it's her temper—what I have had to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me—everything that is stolen she lays to me—such injustice—it is unbearable!"

Growler was quite indignant; but, being of a reflective turn, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked, "But was there no particular cause this morning?"

"She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her," said the cat.

"How? may I ask," gently inquired Growler.

"Oh, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine."

Growler looked at her with such a questioning expression, that she was compelled to say, "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"Oh!" said Growler, much enlightened.

"Why, the fact was," said the black cat, "I was springing at a mouse, and I knocked down a dish, and not knowing exactly what it was, I smelt it, and just tasted it, and it was rather nice, and—"

"You finished it," suggested Growler.

"Well, I should, I believe, if that cook hadn't come. As it was, I left the head."

"The head of what?" said Growler.

"How inquisitive you are!" said the black cat.

"Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

"Well, then, of some grand fish that was meant for dinner."

"Then," said Growler, "say what you please; but now I've heard both sides of the story, I only wonder she *didn't* hang you."

THE BIRD WHO LOVED THE SUN.

"Mother," said a young blackbird, looking out his hole in the wall, one cold winter's day, "what has become of all the flowers?"

"They are withered and dead, my son."

"And what has become of all the fruits, mother?"

"They are gathered and gone, my son."

"And the beautiful flies, mother, with the colored wings, where are they?"

"Perished, all perished, my son."

"And the creeping things, mother, that we live upon, where are they?"

"Safe under the earth, my son."

"Oh, mother, how dreary it is, then! we have nothing at all left."

"Well," said the old bird, "it is dreary now; but look up at the sun that shines in the heavens—he still remains to us, and when his time comes to work, will restore to us the flowers and the fruits, and the painted flies, and all our needful food; and therefore let us wait patiently, my son, for in him we have all things, though now hidden from us."

THE BEAUTIFIER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye waving Woods and throbbing Ocean,
Ye Hills and Streams, ye landscapes glowing fair,
Why in my heart ye wake such new emotion?
And ye, oh, skies! with all your worlds, declare
What is the secret, deep, untold delight,
Unknown before, that fills me in your sight?

There came an answer to my thought's appealing,
When she I love looked upward to my face;
Her eyes were fountains bright with new revealing,
And sweet interpreters of Nature's grace;
And when she spoke, I pressed her lips impearl'd,
And knew 'twas Love that beautified the world.

INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY.—What we have to bestow in charity, being a trust, we cannot discharge it faithfully without taking some care to satisfy ourselves, in some degree, that we bestow it upon proper objects of charity. One hears persons complaining that it is difficult to distinguish who are such, yet often seeming to forget that this is the reason for using their best endeavors to do it; and others make a custom of giving to idle vagabonds—a kind of charity, very improperly so called, which one really wonders people can allow themselves in—merely to be relieved from importunity, or at best to gratify a false good-nature. For they cannot but know that it is at least very doubtful whether what they thus give will not immediately be spent in riot and drunkenness. Or, suppose it be not, yet still they know they do a great deal of certain mischief, by encouraging this shameful trade of begging in the streets, and all the disorders which accompany it.—*Bishop Butler* (1740.)

IMMUTABILITY OF SPECIES.—We have absolute proof of the immutability of species, whether we search for it in historic or geological times. The cat and dog embalmed in Egypt four thousand years ago are the same as the cat and dog of the present day, and in the fossil remains of the pre-Adamite ages, there is not the slightest proof of any variations in the successive inhabitants of the earth. Mr. Darwin himself admits, to use his own words, "that this is the most obvious and grave objection to his theory;" but yet he conjectures that rocks still undiscovered, and myriads of years older than the Cambrian or azoic strata, may still bear testimony to his views. When such strata with such indications are discovered, when the instinct of the elephant shall have expanded into reason, and the chatter of the parrot have its climax in speech, we may then claim kindred with the brutes that perish.—*Sir David Brewster.*

☞ "How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot one hot sultry day, "that a man niver *meets* a team going the same way he is."

I'M COMING HOME TO DIE, MOTHER.

Unwelcome winds are sighing,
Within the distant West,
And wrapt in pain I'm lying
With vision broken rest.
I often dream thy bosom
Is pillowing my head,
And wake to find illusion
Has gathered round my bed;
But starting from my dreaming,
I check the rising sigh,
For I'm coming home to die, Mother,
Coming home to die.

I long to see thee, Mother,
And kiss thy dear old cheek,
I feel there is no other
With whom I wish to speak;
No heart has half such kindness;
No voice such music's flow;
Why did I in my blindness
Cause you a moment's woe?
I know you've mourned full often,
But wipe the glistening eye,
For I'm coming home to die, Mother,
Coming home to die.

Tell Father that I wish him
To mark the spot for me,
Where Looloo used to kiss him,
And sing the forest glee;
'Tis where the wild red roses
Perfume the summer air,
And when the life-scene closes,
Lay roving Alland there;
Oh, let the spot be lonely,
And hid from passers by,
For I'm coming home to die, Mother,
Coming home to die.

My memory is clinging
To childhood's sunny hours,
And Looloo's voice seems ringing
Amidst the garden flowers;
The moments seem to lengthen
As starting time draws near,
And hope begins to strengthen
With thought of leaving here.
So let the heart be gladden'd,
Our meeting hour is nigh,
For I'm coming home to die, Mother,
Coming home to die.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAMP.

The Gambusinos reached their camp a little before sunrise. During their absence, the few men left in charge of the entrenchments had not been disturbed.

Don Mariano awaited the return of the Mexicans with lively impatience. So soon as he saw them he went to meet them.

Marksman was gloomy. The reception he gave the gentleman, though cordial, was still rather dry. The hunter, although convinced he had accomplished a duty in condemning Don Estevan, was for all that sad, when thinking of the responsibility he had taken on himself in the affair.

It is one thing to kill a man in action while defending one's life, in the midst of the intoxication of battle, another to try and coldly execute an individual against whom no personal motive of hatred or anger is felt.

The old Canadian, in his heart, feared Don Mariano's reproaches. He knew the human heart too well not to be assured that the gentleman, when he regarded in cold blood the action he had excited the Gambusinos to commit, would detest it, and curse the docile instruments he had found.

However great Don Estevan's crimes against Don Mariano might be, however cruel his conduct, it was not his brother's place to accuse him, or to demand his death at the hands of these implacable men, in whom all feelings of clemency are extinguished through the rough life they are forced to lead.

Now that some hours had elapsed since Don Estevan's condemnation, Marksman, who had begun to reflect again, and was able to regard that action under a different light, had asked himself if he really had the right to act as he had done, and if what he took for a deed of stern and strict justice were not an assassination and disguised vengeance.—Hence he expected that Don Mariano, on seeing him, would reproach him, and ask his brother's life at his hands.

The hunter prepared to answer the questions Don Mariano was doubtless going to address to him; and so soon as he perceived him, his brow, already troubled by sad thoughts, grew even more overcast. But Marksman was mistaken, not a reproach, not a word having reference to the judgment passed Don Mariano's lips; not an allusion, however remote, caused the hunter to suspect that the gentleman intended to attack that delicate subject.

The Canadian breathed again; but during the few moments they occupied in returning to the camp side by side, he took a side glance at Don Mariano's face. The old gentleman was pale and sad, but his countenance was calm, and his features apathetic.

The hunter shook his head.

"He is turning over some scheme in his mind," he muttered, in a low voice.

So soon as the camp was entered, and the barriers were closed again behind the Gambusinos, Don Miguel, after placing sentries at the entrenchments, turned to Marksman and Don Mariano.

"The sun will rise in about two hours," he said to them; "deign to accept my hospitality, and accompany me to my tent."

The two men bowed. Don Miguel made his bearers a sign to place the litter on the ground. He rose, helped by Marksman, and leaning on the hunter's arm, entered the tent, followed by Don Mariano. The curtain fell behind them.

The Gambusinos, wearied with their night-march, had hastened to unsaddle their horses, and give them food. Then, after throwing some handfuls of dried wood on the fires, in order to revive the flame, they wrapped themselves in their fresadas and zarapes, and lay down on the ground, where they speedily fell asleep. Ten minutes after the adventurers' return, they were all in the deepest sleep. Three men alone, besides the sentinels, were awake, and they were assembled in the tent, and holding a conversation, at which we will invite the reader to be present.

The interior of the tent into which Don Miguel had introduced his two companions was furnished in the most simple fashion. In one corner was the closed palanquin; in the opposite one, several furs stretched on the ground marked the place of a bed; four or five buffalo skulls served as chairs; it was impossible to meet with anything so simple and less comfortable than this.

Don Miguel threw himself on the bed, bidding his comrades, by a graceful bow, to sit down on the buffalo skulls. Marksman and Don Mariano drew them up by their host's side, and sat down silently. Don Miguel then took the word.

"Caballeros," he said, "the events which have occurred this night, to which I shall not further allude, require to be clearly explained, especially in the provision of the probable complications which may result from them in the affairs which, I hope, we shall undertake ere long. What I have to say regards and interests you peculiarly, Don Mariano. Hence I address myself principally to you. As for Marksman, he knows pretty nearly all the connecting links of what I am about to tell you. If I beg him to be present at the interview I wish to have with you, it is first owing to the old friendship that unites us, and, secondly, because his advice will be of great help to us in the further resolutions we shall have to take."

Don Mariano looked at the adventurer in a way which made him comprehend that he understood not a syllable of this long prelude.

"Do you not remember, Don Mariano," the Canadian then said, "that before sending Brighteye to the camp to fetch Don Miguel, I told you that you were ignorant of the most interesting portion of the history?"

"Yes; I remember it, although, at the moment, I did not attach to the statement all the value it deserved."

"Well, if I am not mistaken, Don Miguel is about to explain these frightful machinations to you in a few words." Then he added, as if on reflection, "There is one man I should like to see here. It is important that he should know the whole truth also; but since our return to the camp I have not seen him."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Brighteye, whom I asked to accompany you here."

"He did so, but on reaching the camp, as he doubtless supposed that I had no further need of his protection, he left me."

"Did he not tell you for what object?" the hunter asked, looking firmly at the old gentleman.

Don Mariano, in his heart, was troubled by this inquiry; but wishing to leave to Brighteye the care of explaining his absence, and not at all desirous of avowing his wish to save his brother, he replied, with a degree of hesitation he could not entirely conceal,—

"No; he told me nothing. I fancied that he had joined you again, and am as much surprised as yourself at his absence."

Marksman frowned slightly.

"That is strange," he said. "However," he added, "he will not fail to return soon, and then we shall know what he has been about."

"Yes. Now, Don Miguel, I am at your orders. Speak; I am listening to you attentively," Don Mariano said, not at all wishful to see the conversation continued on that subject.

"Give me my real name, Don Mariano," the young man answered, "for it will perhaps inspire you with some confidence in me. I am neither Don Torribio Carvajal, nor Don Miguel Ortega. My right name is Don Leo de Torres."

"Leo de Torres!" Don Mariano exclaimed, rising with stupefaction. "The son of my dearest friend."

"It is so," the young man answered, simply.

"But no; that is not possible. Basilio de Torres was massacred, with his entire family, by the Apache Indians, amid the smoking ruins of his hacienda, twenty years ago."

"I am the son of Don Basilio de Torres," the adventurer continued. "Look at me carefully, Don Mariano. Do not my features remind you of any one?"

The gentleman approached, laid his hand on the adventurer's shoulder, and examined him for a few moments with the profoundest attention.

"It is true," he then said, with tears in his eyes; "the resemblance is extraordinary. Yes, yes," he exclaimed, impetuously; "I now recognize you."

"Oh!" the young man continued, with a smile, "I have in my possession the documents that guarantee my identity. But," he said, "that is not the question. Let us return to what I wished to say to you."

"How is it that since the fearful catastrophe which made you an orphan, I never heard any mention of you? I, the best friend, almost the brother of your father, I should have been so happy to provide for you."

Don Leo, to whom we will henceforth give his real name, frowned; his brow was furrowed with deep wrinkles. He answered, with a sorrowful accent and trembling voice—

"Thank you, Don Mariano, for the friendship you evince for me. Believe that I am worthy of it; but, I implore you, let me keep in my heart the secret of my silence. One day, I trust, I shall be permitted to speak, and then I will tell you all."

Don Mariano pressed his hand.

"Act as you think proper," he said, with deep emotion; "only remember one thing—that you have found in me the father you lost."

The young man turned his head away to conceal the tears he felt rising in his eyes. There was a lengthened silence without; the barking of the coyotes alone disturbed at intervals the imposing solitude of the desert.

The interior of the tent was only lighted by a torch of ocote wood fixed in the ground, whose flickering flame played on the faces of the three men with shadows and lights which imprinted on their countenances a strange and fantastic expression.

"The sky is beginning to be studded with broad, white bands," Don Leo continued; "the owls hidden beneath the leaves are saluting the return of day; the sun is about to rise; permit me, in a few words, to explain to you the facts with which you are unacquainted; for, if I believe my presentiments, we shall soon have to act vigorously, in order to repair the ill deeds committed by Don Estevan."

The two men bowed in affirmation. Don Leo went on—

"Certain reasons, unnecessary to give here, led me to Mexico a few months ago. Owing to those reasons, I had rather a singular life, frequenting the worst society, and mingling, when the occasion offered, in society more or less corrupt, according as you understand my words. Do not believe, from what I have said, that I was engaged in any criminal operations, for you would commit a grave error. I merely, like a goodly number of my countrymen, carried on certain contraband trade; perhaps regarded with an evil eye by government officials, but which had nothing very reprehensible about it."

Marksman and Don Mariano exchanged a glance; they understood, or fancied they did. Don Leo feigned not to notice this glance.

"One of the places I frequented most assiduously," he said, "was the Plaza Mayor. There I visited an evangelista, a man of about fifty, half Jew, half pawnbroker, who, under a venerable appearance, concealed the most venal soul and most corrupt mind. This thorough scamp, through the thousand secret negotiations he carried on, and his duties of evangelista, was thoroughly acquainted with the secrets of an infinite number of families, and all the infamies daily committed in that immense capital. One day, when I happened to be in his shop at the Oracion, a young girl entered. She was lovely, and seemed respectable. She trembled like a leaf on entering the scoundrel's den; the latter put on his most captivating smile, and obsequiously asked how he could serve her. She turned a timid glance around, and noticed me. I know not why, I scented a mystery. I pretended to be asleep, with my head on the table, and my forehead resting on my crossed arms.

"'That man!' she said, pointing to me.

"'Oh!' the evangelista answered, 'he is intoxicated with pulque; he is a poor sergeant, of no importance; besides, he is asleep.'

"She hesitated; then, seeming suddenly to form a resolution, she drew a small paper from her bosom.

"'Copy that,' she said to the evangelista, 'and I will give you two ounces.'

"The old villain seized the paper, and looked at it.

"'But it is not Castillian,' he said.

"'It is French,' she answered. 'But what consequence is it to you?'

"'To me none.'

"He prepared his paper and pens, and copied the note without further observation. When it was finished, the girl compared the two notes, gave a smile of satisfaction, tore up the original, folded the note, and dictated a short address to the evangelista. Then she placed the letter in her bosom, and went out, after paying the agreed on price, which the evangelista seized gaily, for he had gained more in a few minutes than he usually did in a month. The girl had scarce departed ere I raised my head; but the evangelista made me a sign to re-assume my position. He had heard the key turning in his door. I obeyed, and lucky it was I did so, for a man entered almost immediately. This man evidently desired not to be known. He was carefully wrapped up in a large rebozo, and the brim of his sombrero was pulled down over his eyes. On entering, he gave an angry start.

"'Who is that man?' he asked, pointing to me.

"'A poor drunkard, asleep.'

"'A young girl has just left here?'

"'It is possible,' the evangelista answered, put on his guard by the question.

THE "LOOK-OUT," NEAR THE POST-OFFICE, HILTON HEAD, S. C.

"'No ambiguous phrases, scoundrel,' the stranger answered, haughtily. 'I know you, and pay you,' he added, as he threw a heavy purse on the table. 'Answer.'

"The evangelista quivered. All his scruples disappeared at the sight of the gold sparkling through the meshes of the purse.

"'A young girl has just left here?' the stranger continued.

"'Yes.'

"'What did she want of you?'

"'To copy a letter written in French.'

"'Very good. Show me the letter.'

"'She folded it up, wrote an address, and took it away.'

"'I know all that.'

"'Well?'

"'Well!' the stranger retorted, with a grin, 'as you are no fool, you kept a copy of the note, and that copy I must have.'

"The man's voice had struck me. I could not tell why. As his back was almost turned to me, I made the evangelista a sign, which he understood.

"'I did not think of that,' he answered.

"He assumed such a simple face as he said this, that the stranger was deceived. He made a move of annoyance. At length he said,—

"'She will return?'

"'I do not know.'

"The stranger shrugged his shoulders.

"'I know it though. Every time she comes, you will keep a copy of what she makes you write. The answers will come here?'

"'Not to my knowledge.'

"'You will not deliver them till you have shown them to me. I shall return to-morrow; and do not be such a fool as you have been to-day, if you wish me to make your fortune.'

"The evangelista grinned a smile. The stranger turned to go away. At this moment the corner of his cloak caught in the table, and I saw his face. I needed all my self-command not to utter a cry on recognizing him, for it was Don Estevan, your brother. He drew his cloak over his face again with a stifled curse, and went away. He had scarce gone, ere I leaped up. I bolted the door, and placed myself in front of the evangelista.

"'It is now our turn,' I said to him.

"He made a movement of terror. My face had a terrible expression, which made him fall back against the wall, clutching the purse he had just received, and which he doubtless supposed I wished to take from him.

"'I am a poor old man,' he said to me.

"'Where is the copy you refused that man?' I said, sharply.

"He bent down to his desk, took the copy, and handed it to me, trembling. I read it with a shudder, for I understood.

"'Stay,' I said, giving him an ounce; 'every time you will hand me the young lady's note, I allow you to show it also to that man. But remember this carefully: not one of the answers written by the person who has just left will be handed by you to the lady until I have read it. I am not so rich as that stranger, still I can pay you properly. You know me. I have only one thing more to say. If you betray me, I will kill you like a dog.'

"I went out, and, as I closed the door, I heard the evangelista mutter to himself, 'Santa Viring, into what wasp's nest have I got?'

"This is the key of the mystery. The young lady I saw at the evangelista's was a novice in the convent of the Bernardines, where your daughter was. Dona Laura, not knowing in whom to confide, had begged her to let Don Francisco de Paulo Serrano know——"

"My brother-in-law! her godfather!" Don Mariano exclaimed.

"The same," Don Leo continued. "She had, I said, desired her friend, Dona Luisa, to let Senor Serrano receive the note, in which she revealed to him her uncle's criminal machinations, and the persecutions to which she was exposed, while imploring him, as her father's best friend, to come to her aid, and take her under his protection."

"Oh, my poor child!" Don Mariano murmured.

"Don Estevan," Don Leo continued, "had by some means learned your daughter's intentions. In order to be thoroughly acquainted with her plans, and be able to overthrow them at the right moment, he pretended to be entirely ignorant of them; let the young girl carry the letters to the evangelista, reading the copies, and answering them himself, for the simple reason that Senor Serrano did not receive your daughter's letters, because Don Estevan had bought his valet, who gave them to him, with seals unbroken. This skillful perfidy would doubtless have succeeded, had not accident, or rather providence, placed me so fortunately in the evangelista's shop."

"Oh!" Don Mariano muttered, "the man was a monster."

"No," Don Leo remarked; "circumstances compelled him to go much further than he perhaps intended. Nothing proves that he meditated the death of your daughter."

"What would he then?"

"Your fortune. By forcing Dona Laura to take the veil, he gained his object. Unfortunately, as always happens when a man enters on that thorny path, which fatally leads to crime, although he had coldly calculated all the chances of success, he could not foresee my intervention in the execution of his plans—an intervention which must make them fail, and compel him to commit a crime, in order to ensure success. Dona Laura, persuaded that Don Francesco's protection would not fail her, scrupulously followed the advice I sent her by means of letters I myself wrote in the name of the friend she addressed. For my own part, I held myself in readiness to act when the moment arrived. I will enter into no details on this subject. Dona Laura refused to take the vows in the church itself. The scandal was extreme, and the abbess, in her fury, resolved to put an end to matters. The hapless young lady, sent to sleep by means of a powerful narcotic, was buried alive in the *in pace*, where she must die of hunger."

"Oh!" the two men exclaimed, shuddering with horror.

"I repeat to you," Don Leo continued, "that I do not believe Don Estevan capable of this barbarity. He was probably the indirect accomplice, but nothing more; the abbess was the sole culprit. Don Estevan accepted accomplished facts; he profitted by them, nothing more. We must suppose so, for the honor of humanity; otherwise, this man would be a monster. Warned on the same day of what had occurred in the convent, I collected a band of banditti and adventurers. Then, at nightfall, I entered the building by stratagem, and, pistol in hand, carried off your daughter."

"You!" Don Mariano exclaimed, with a movement of surprise, mingled with joy. "Oh, heavens! then she is saved—she is in safety!"

"Yes: at a place where I, aided by Marksman, concealed her."

"Don Estevan would never have found her," the hunter added, with a crafty smile.

The gentleman was fearfully agitated.

"Where is she?" he exclaimed. "I will see her. Tell me where my poor darling child is."

"You can understand," the young man answered, "that I did not keep her near me. I knew that Don Estevan's spies and your brother himself were pursuing me, and following my every step. After placing Dona Laura in safety, I enticed all the pursuers on to my trail. In this way, this palanquin," he said, pointing to it, "contained Dona Laura till we reached the Presidio de Tubar. I was careful to let her be seen once or twice; no more was needed to make it supposed that she was still with me. By the care I took to keep the palanquin constantly closed, and let no one approach it, I hoped to lead my enemies after me, and, once I had them in the desert, punish them. My calculations were more correct than Don Estevan's, for Heaven helped me. Now that the criminal has been punished, and Dona Laura has no more to fear, I am ready to make known her place of concealment, and lead you to her."

"Oh, my God! thou art just and merciful," Don Mariano exclaimed, with an expression of ineffable joy. "I shall see my child again. She is saved."

"She is lost, if you do not make haste," a sepulchral voice replied.

The three men turned in terror. Brighteye, with a pale and bleeding face, his clothes torn and bloodstained, was standing upright and motionless in the entrance of the tent, holding the curtain back.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FLYING EAGLE.

The Indians, owing to the life they are compelled to lead, and the education they receive, are of an essentially suspicious character. Accustomed to be constantly on their guard against everything that surrounds them, to regard intentions ostensibly the most honest as concealing treachery and perfidy, they have acquired an uncommon skill in guessing the projects of persons with whom accident brings them in contact, and foiling the snares set for them by their enemies.

Machsi Karehde, we have already said, was an experienced warrior, as wise in council as he was valiant in war, and, though still very young, he justly enjoyed a great reputation in his tribe.

So soon as Marksman had, in the name of Lynch law, pronounced Don Estevan's sentence, there was a species of disorder among the hunters, who broke their ranks, and began eagerly conversing together, as generally happens in such a case. Flying Eagle took advantage of the general attention being diverted, and no one noticing him, to give Eglantine, whose eyes were incessantly fixed on him, a signal, which the young woman understood, and he silently stepped into a thicket, where he disappeared before any one noticed his absence.

After walking for about twenty minutes in the forest, the Chief, probably supposing he was far enough off, stopped, and turned to his squaw, who had remained a little distance behind the whole time.

"Let the palefaces," he said, "accomplish their work. Flying Eagle is a Comanche warrior; he must no longer interfere between them."

"The Chief will return to his village?" Eglantine asked, timidly.

The Indian smiled craftily.

"All is not over yet," he replied. "Flying Eagle will watch over his friends."

The young woman let her head fall, and, seeing that the Indian had seated himself, prepared to light the camp-fire; but the Chief stopped her by a sign.

"Flying Eagle does not wish to be discovered," he said. "Let my sister take her place by his side, and wait; a friend is in danger at this time."

At this moment a great noise of breaking branches could be heard not far from the spot where the Redskins had halted. The Indian listened attentively for a few moments, with his head on the ground.

"Flying Eagle will return," he said, as he rose.

"Eglantine will wait for him," the squaw said, looking at him tenderly.

The Chief laid by her side the weapons that might have impeded him in the project he meditated; he only kept his reata, which he carefully coiled round his right hand, and crept in the direction of the sound he had heard, which every moment grew louder.

He had scarce advanced twenty yards, by forcing his way through the intertwined creepers and tall grass that barred his passage, ere he perceived, a few paces off, a magnificent black horse, which, with ears laid back, head extended, and all four feet fixed on the ground, was snorting in alarm; its nostrils covered with foam, and its mouth bleeding.

"Wah!" the Chief muttered, stopping short, and admiring the splendid animal.

He drew a few steps nearer, being careful not to startle the animal more, which followed all his movements with a restless eye; and at the instant he saw it bound to escape, he made his reata whistle round his neck, and threw it with such skill, that the running knot fell on the horse's shoulders. The latter tried, for three or four minutes to regain the liberty so suddenly snatched from it; but soon recognizing the futility of its efforts, it yielded once again to slavery, and allowed the Indian to approach, with no further attempts to maintain the struggle. The animal was not a wild horse, but Don Estevan's magnificent barb, which he had probably lost during the fight, when he was wounded. The horse's trappings were partly broken and torn by the branches; but still they were in a good state of service.

The Chief, delighted with the windfall accident procured him, mounted the horse, and returned to Eglantine, who, submissive and obedient as a true Indian woman, had not stirred since his departure.

"Flying Eagle will return to his village mounted on a horse worthy of so great a Chief," she said, on noticing him.

The Indian smiled haughtily.

"Yes," he answered, "the sachems will be proud of him."

And with the simple childishness so well suited to the primitive roughness of these men of iron, he amused himself, for some time, with making the horse perform the most difficult passes and curvets, happy at the terrified admiration of the woman he loved. The Chief at length dismounted, and, while still holding the bridle in his hand, sat down by the young woman's side.

They remained thus for a long time without exchanging a word. Flying Eagle seemed to be reflecting deeply; his eyes wandered about in the darkness, as if wishing to penetrate it, and distinguish some distant object in the distance. He listened eagerly to the sounds of the solitude, while playing mechanically with his scalping knife.

"There they are," he suddenly cried, as he rose, as if moved by a spring.

Eglantine looked at him with astonishment.

"Does not my sister hear?" he asked her.

"Yes," she replied in a moment, "I hear the sound of horses in the forest."

"They are the palefaces returning to their camp."

"Shall we follow them?"

"Flying Eagle never leaves, without a reason, the path made by his mocassins. Eglantine will accompany the warrior."

"Does my father doubt it?"

"No; Eglantine is a worthy daughter of the Comanches; she will come without a murmur. A paleface, a friend of Machsi Karehde, is in danger at this moment."

"The Chief will save him?"

The Indian smiled.

"Yes," he said; "or, if I arrive too late for that, I will at least avenge him, and his soul will quiver with joy in the blessed prairies, on learning from his people that his friend has not forgotten him."

"I am ready to follow the Chief."

"Let us go, then; it is time."

The Indian leaped into the saddle at a bound, and Eglantine prepared to follow on foot.

Indian squaws never mount the war-horse of their husbands or brothers. Condemned, by the laws that govern their tribe, to remain constantly bowed beneath a yoke of iron, to be reduced to the most complete abjectness, and devote themselves to the harshest and most painful tasks, they endure everything without complaining, persuaded that it must be so, and that nothing can save them from the implacable tyranny that weighs on them from their birth to their death. In compelling his wife to follow him on foot, through a virgin forest by impracticable roads, rendered more difficult through the darkness, Flying Eagle was convinced that he was only doing a very simple and natural thing. Eglantine, for her part, understood it so, for she did not make the slightest remark.

They set out, then, turning their back on the noise, and proceeding towards the clearing.

For what object did the Chief retrace his steps, and return to the spot he had left an hour previously, in order to get rid of the Gambusinos? We shall probably soon learn.

When about a hundred yards from the clearing, they heard a shot. Flying Eagle stopped.

"Wah!" he said, "what has happened? Can I be mistaken?"

Immediately dismounting, he gave his wife his horse to hold, bidding her follow him at a

distance; and, gliding through the grass, he advanced hurriedly toward the clearing, feeling much alarmed by the shot, which he could not account for, as the idea did not for a moment occur to him that Don Estevan had fired it with the intention of killing himself. The Chief was convinced that a man of that stamp would never give the game up, however desperate it was. His appreciation was not entirely false.

Persuaded of this, Flying Eagle, fearing a mishap, the possibility of which he seemed to have foreseen, hastened to reach the clearing, in order to settle his doubts, and trembling to see them converted into a certainty.

On reaching the skirt of the clearing, he stopped, removed the branches cautiously, and looked out. The darkness was so dense, that he could distinguish nothing: a funereal silence prevailed over this portion of this forest. Suddenly the bushes parted. A man, or rather demon, bounded out like a jackal, passed him with extreme velocity, and was soon lost in the darkness.

A sad presentiment contracted the Redskin's heart; he made a movement to rush after the stranger, but altered his mind almost in the same moment.

"Let us look here first," he muttered, "I am certain of finding that man again when I please."

He entered the clearing. The deserted fires no longer gave out any light. All was shadow and silence.

The Chief walked rapidly toward the spot where the grave had been dug. It was empty, Don Estevan had disappeared. On the slope formed of the earth thrown out of the hole, a man lay, motionless.

Flying Eagle bent over him, and examined him attentively for some seconds.

"I knew it," he muttered, as he drew himself up with a smile of disdain; "that must happen, the palefaces are gossiping old women. Ingratitude is a white vice—vengeance a red virtue."

The Chief stood thoughtfully, with his eyes fixed on the wounded man.

"Shall I save him?" he at length said. "For what good? It is almost better to let the coyotes tear him limb from limb; the red warriors laugh at their fury. This man," he added, "was, yet, one of the best of those plundering palefaces who come to drive us from our last refuge. Wah! what do I care; our races are hostile, the wild beasts will finish him—to each his prey."

And he made a move to withdraw. Suddenly he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and a soft voice muttered gently in his ear,—

"This paleface is the friend of the gray head who delivered Eglantine. Is my father ignorant of it?"

The Chief started at this question, which answered so truly his innermost thoughts; for, while speaking to himself, and trying to prove that he did right in abandoning the wounded man, the Indian knew very well that the deed he premeditated was reprehensible, and that honor commanded him to help the man stretched out at his feet.

"Does Eglantine know this hunter?" he answered, evasively.

"Eglantine saw him for the first time two days ago, when he so courageously saved the friend of the Chief."

"Wah!" the Indian muttered, "my sister speaks true. This warrior is brave, his heart is large, he is the friend of the Redskins. Flying Eagle is a chief renowned for his goodness of soul, he will not abandon the paleface to the hideous coyotes."

"Machsi Karchde is the greatest warrior of his nation, his head is full of wisdom. What he does is well."

Flying Eagle smiled with satisfaction at this compliment.

"Let us examine this man's wounds."

Eglantine lighted a branch of ocote, which she made into a torch. The two Indians bent down over the wounded man, who still lay motionless, and by the oscillating light of the torch examined him more attentively.

Brighteye had only a slight wound produced by the butt of the pistol by which he had been struck; the force of the blow, by producing an abundant hemorrhage, had caused a stunning sensation, followed by a syncope. The wound was narrow, of no great depth, and on the upper part of the forehead between the eyebrows. Don Estevan had tried to kill the worthy hunter, in the same way as the bulls in the corridas. The experienced Espadas often amuse themselves by killing the animals in this fashion, in order to display their skill before the assembled spectators. This blow, though dealt with a firm hand, was too hurried, and had not been calculated with sufficient precision to be mortal. Still it is evident that, if the Indian Chief had not succored him before daybreak, the hunter would have been devoured alive by the wild beasts prowling about in quest of prey.

All Indians, when travelling, carry by a sling a parchment bag, which they call the *medicine bag*. It contains the simples these primitive men employ to cure the wounds they receive in combat, their surgical instruments, and the powders intended to get rid of fevers.

After examining Brighteye's wound, the Chief tossed his head with pleasure, and immediately set about dressing the hurt. With a sharp instrument made of an onyx, he first cleared off the hair round the wound; then he felt his medicine bag, pulled out a handful of oregano leaves, which he carefully pounded and mixed up with Catalonian refino. We will remark here, that in all Indian medicaments spirits play a great part. He added to this mixture a little water and salt, formed the whole into a thick paste, and, after washing the wound twice with spirits and water, he applied this species of cataplasm to it, fastening it on with abanigo leaves.

This simple remedy produced an almost instantaneous effect; within ten minutes the hunter gave a sigh, opened his eyes, and sat up, looking round him like a man suddenly roused from a deep sleep, and who does not completely recognize external objects.

Brighteye, however, was a man endowed with far too powerful an organization for this state to last long; he soon managed to restore order in his ideas, recalled what had passed, and the treachery dealt him by the man he had saved.

"Thanks, Redskin," he said, in a still weak voice, and holding out his hand to the Indian, who pressed it cordially.

"My brother feels better?" he asked, with solicitude.

"I feel as well as if nothing had happened to me."

"Wah! my brother will then avenge himself on his enemy."

"Trust me for that; the traitor shall not escape me, so truly as my name is Brighteye," the hunter answered, energetically.

"Good! my brother will kill his enemy, and hang up his scalp at the entrance of his wigwam."

"No, no, Chief; that revenge may suit a Redskin, but it is not that of a man of my race and color."

"What will my brother do, then?"

The hunter smiled cleverly, but after few moments continued the conversation, though not in answer to the Indian's questions.

"How long have I been here?" he said.

"About an hour."

"No longer?"

"No."

"Heaven be praised! My assassin cannot be gone far."

"Och! an evil heart is a powerful spur," the Indian observed, sententiously.

"That is true."

"What will my brother do?"

"I do not know yet; the position I am in is very delicate," Brighteye answered, thoughtfully. "Urged by my heart, and the memory of a service done me long ago, I committed an action which may be interpreted in various ways. I now perceive that I was wrong; still I confess to you, Redskin, that I do not at all wish to be exposed to the reproaches of my friends. It is hard for a man of my age, whose hair is white, and who must possess experience, to have it said that he has acted like a child, and is an old fool."

"Still, you must make up your mind."

"I know it. That is the thing which torments me; the more so as it is urgent that Don Miguel and Don Mariano should be warned as speedily as possible of what has happened, in order to remedy the consequences of my folly."

"Listen," the Chief remarked. "I understand how repugnant the confession you have to make will be to you. It is excessively painful for an old man to bow his head under reproaches, however well deserved they may be."

"Well!"

"If you consent, I will do what you have so much difficulty in resolving on. While you accompany Eglantine, I will go to find your friends, the pale-faces: I will tell them what has happened. I will put them on their guard against their enemy, and you will have nothing to fear from their anger."

At this proposition, an indignant flush suffused the hunter's face.

"No!" he exclaimed, "I will not add cowardice to my fault. I will endure the consequences of my deed,—all the worse for myself. I thank you, Chief; your proposition comes from a good heart, but I cannot accept it."

"My brother is the master."

"Let us make haste," the hunter continued—"we have lost too much time already.—Heaven alone knows what may be the consequences of my deed, and the misfortunes that will probably spring from it. If it is impossible for me to prevent them, it is my duty to do everything to lessen their effect."

"Come, Chief, follow me; let us proceed to the camp without further delay."

While uttering these words, he rose with feverish impatience. "I am unarmed," he said; "the villain has stripped me."

"Let my brother not feel vexed at that," the Indian answered; "he will feel the needful arms at the camp."

"That is true. Let us go and look for my horse, which I left a few yards off."

The Indian stopped him.

"It is useless," he said.

"Why so?"

"That man has taken it."

The hunter struck his brow in his discouragement.

"What shall I do?" he muttered.

"My brother will take my horse."

"And you, Chief?"

"I have another."

At a sign from Flying Eagle, Eglantine led up the horse. The two men mounted; the Chief took his squaw up behind him, and leaning over the necks of their horses, they started at full gallop in the direction of the Gambusino camp, which they reached about an hour later without any fresh incident.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"To die young is youth's divinest gift—
To pass from one world fresh into another,
Ere change has lost the charm of soft regret,
And feel the immortal impulse from within
Which makes the coming life cry, always on!
And follow it while strong.—Is Heaven's last mercy."
—*Festus.*

☞ The mention of the University of Turin suggests to Dr. Spooner that the education to be obtained at the University of Tureen must be souperficial.

☞ Keep out of debt—out of quarrels—out of law—out of politics—out of idleness—out of thin-soled shoes—out of damp clothes—out of reach of brandy and water—out of public office—out of matrimony, unless you are in love—and keep clear of the monstrous sin of cheating the printer out of his dues!

☞ The page of English history contains two records, that to this day remain unrepealed, unexpunged; one of King John's ordinances, that "if foreign ships refuse to strike to the royal flag, then, such ships may be taken and condemned as lawful prizes." The other, that of Edward I., that "the dominion of the sea has been lawfully exercised (by England) from time immemorial."

THE ORIGINAL OF BLUEBEARD.

At Champtoce, a little village near the right bank of the Loire, in France, stand some imposing ruins, the remains of one of the castles of Gilles de Retz, Sieur de Loyal, called Barbe Blue—the original of Blue Beard. This nobleman, who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century, was handsome in person, captivating in address, acquainted with books, and full of admiration for such as spoke the Latin language with ease and elegance. He was considered religious, too, because his taste and ostentation led him to adopt the fashion then prevalent of maintaining a finely-ornamented chapel, with many boy choristers, educated at great expense. His band was large, finely disciplined, well supported, and formed part of his train wherever he went. He belonged to a princely family, was appointed a Marshal of France, and was especially honored at the coronation of Charles VII., by an order to repair to St. Remy's, and bring thence the holy ampulla. To his own class he appeared a brilliant and loyal cavalier, but a haunting fear of him gradually spread among the peasantry wherever he dwelt. This fear was just; for within the recesses of his castles at Champtoce, La Suce, and elsewhere, he pursued a course of unparalleled atrocity.

Having squandered an immense fortune and ruined his constitution by his excesses, he resorted to magic. He took into his service an Italian priest of Pistoia, who persuaded him, or permitted him to believe, that his property and health might both be restored by the use of a charmed bath made of the blood of young children. He was not deterred from the trial, either by its difficulty or horror, but immediately began to tax his ingenuity to procure victims. Sometimes an old woman, called La Maffraie, travelled about the country, always with her face half-hidden by a black scarf. Whenever she chanced upon children tending cattle, or begging at a distance from their friends, she caressed and flattered them, and coaxed them little by little to the grounds of De Retz.—Once there they never escaped. They were taken to the dungeons of the castle, where the monster killed them with prolonged tortures, enjoying their sufferings, and offering them to the devil, with a prayer that he would grant him in return "gold, knowledge and power." He went on thus for fourteen years, and destroyed, as it was computed, not less than a hundred and forty victims. As long as the country people alone suffered, no one dared to express their suspicions, but his instruments, growing bolder, began to entice away the children of townsmen, and obtained possession of the brother of a well-known artist, promising to educate him as a chorister in the Laval chapel.

Fortunately a rare combination of circumstances led to the arrest and punishment of the criminal. Three powers, seldom united in anything, agreed in getting rid of him, Jean V., Duke of Brittany, his suzerain, who could not endure that the family of Laval and De Retz should occupy so many fortresses on the marches of Maine, Brittany and Poitou; the Bishop of Nantes, who held over him spiritual jurisdiction, and who hated him for having forced one of his churches; and the King of France, Charles VII., whose constable was the mortal enemy of sorcerers. When, therefore, the duke was on a visit to his cousin, the Bishop, at Nantes, the latter brought certain charges against De Retz. The duke entertained them, and a tribunal was formed of the Bishop, who was also Chancellor of Brittany, the Vicar of the Inquisition, and the Grand Judge of the Duchy. De Retz might have escaped, but he thought that no one would dare to proceed to extremities against him, and permitted himself to be arrested. At this welcome news a crowd of bereaved parents, brothers and sisters flocked to the court as witnesses against him, who were at length joined by his own agents, Henriet, his body servant, declaring that he had delivered to him with his own hand forty children. He was driven thus to a confession which struck terror to the hearts of all who heard him. He was condemned to be burned, and was placed at the stake, but was, out of regard to his rank, strangled before the flames reached him.

Strangely enough, De Retz believed that he had secured the favor of God by masses and procession, and had eluded the devil by making a reservation of his life and soul while offering him service. He parted from his magician with these words: "Adieu, Francois, my friend! may God grant you patience and knowledge, and rest assured, provided you have patience and hope in God, we shall meet in the joys of Paradise."

Barbe Bleu, or Bluebeard, transformed into a Turk, and made the murderer of wives instead of children, is at once the delight and terror of the nursery, and appears to have achieved an undying popularity.

A SCENE AT A REVIEW.—There was a beautiful instance of fine horsemanship displayed at a late review held at Vienna, upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the military order of the Maria Theresa, when some thirty thousand cavalry were in line. A little child in the front row of the spectators, becoming frightened, rushed forward just as a squadron of hussars were charging at full tilt—swooping down with maddening velocity, nay, almost on the child.

Terror alike paralyzed the spectators and the mother of the child, while the lovely and amiable Empress almost fainted with horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable. The little one was almost under the horses' feet—another instant would have sealed its doom—when a hussar, without lessening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself along his horse's neck, and seizing the child, placed it in safety in front of his saddle, without so much as changing the pace or breaking the alignment in the least.

A hundred thousand voices hailed with pride and joy the deed, while two voices could but sob their gratitude; the one a mother's, the other that of her sympathizing and beloved Empress. A proud moment that must have been for the hussar, when his Emperor, taking the enamelled cross of merit, attached it to his breast—a proud moment alike for the sovereign and the man!—*Harper for February.*

MR. GURLEY'S SPEECH ON THE WAR.

In the House of Representatives on the 29th, Mr Gurley, of Ohio, made a speech which was listened to with great attention.

Mr. Gurley (Ohio) said it was useless to attempt to disguise a fact now almost everywhere recognized, that we must have a more active and practical war policy in Congress and in the Cabinet, but more especially in the field, or we may prepare for a foreign and domestic war of several years' duration. Proceeding as at present with our military campaign it would be no strange thing to have the Southern Confederacy acknowledged by the foreign Powers, and our Government would then stand before the civilized world humiliated and disgraced. Our army has long been ready and our soldiers were burning with the desire to strike at the traitors.

We had earnestly cast about for a bold and daring leader, ready for the great contest, and it was painful to confess, at this late day, that the country had looked in vain for a Commander-in-Chief exhibiting the will and the requisite enterprise and genius to lead our forces on to victory. He asked, What stood in the way of meeting the enemy? Was it the fear that somebody would be hurt, or did the ghost of Bull Run hover about the minds of the Commanding Generals? We had lost more men by disease and sickness during the last five months than we should have probably lost in half a dozen general engagements, and hundreds of millions of money had been spent, and one of the largest armies of the world been gathered to remain comparatively idle, and become weak and demoralized by inactivity.

If we desired the respect of our own people and the moral support of the world, we would strike out boldly for victory, and trust to good powder and strong arms, to well-aimed guns and to God. It would be better to meet with occasional reverses than to remain inactive. If we did not fight with justice, right and human freedom on our side, our people would become discouraged, the Treasury bankrupt, and the Government brought into contempt. Did a general stand in the way to hold in check more than half a million of men? Take him out of the way. Give his place to another, if there be no other remedy. Generals, of themselves, are nothing in this contest when thrown into the balance against the honor and integrity of the Union.

If the Angel Gabriel commanded our forces, and failed to march against the enemy, he would petition the Court to which he holds allegiance, for his instant dismissal. This war had reached a point where kid gloves, pleasant words, and gilded promises were of no use. The war demanded hard words and harder blows. The contest must close, either in the ruin of a Republic that has been the admiration of the world, and possibly the destruction of civil and religious freedom in America, or in the perfect supremacy of law and order and the stability of our institutions. He had faith in the latter result, for revolutions move the world forward and never backward. He asked the Clerk to read an article from the Richmond Dispatch, showing up our military blunders. Its truthfulness, he said, could not be denied. We had let slip golden opportunities for crushing this rebellion and of achieving brilliant victories.

The great cause of dissatisfaction among our troops, was, that they were not permitted to strike at the rebels. He preferred no charges against the Commander-in-Chief; but, in his judgment, the man did not live who could successfully command 600,000 men, scattered over a territory of two thousand miles. Yet, the destiny of this Republic had long hung upon the volition of the will of a single man. No other Government invested its general with such unlimited authority. No man had been found great enough to use the supreme command of even 300,000 soldiers. A part of the tremendous burden thrown upon the shoulders of our young general should be removed, and divided so as to call out the best energies of the best officers and secure a general unity of action.

Thus far our commanders had been the victims of some fixed, unalterable plan—the creation of one mind—which plan had accomplished but one marked result; it had prevented five hundred thousand men from attempting precisely what they came together to accomplish, that was, to fight and whip the enemy. The very men who must receive the shock of battle were those who complained the most of inactivity. Were the question left to them, ten out of twelve would say there had been no necessity for the delay of the past few months. He revealed no secret when he stated that the great plan was to strike at all points—a simple impossibility.

Every arrangement was to be made in Missouri, Kentucky, and Virginia, so that as by a single tick of the clock all would rush upon the enemy at once and crush the rebellion at a single blow. Whatever our army accomplished must be as the troops in Kentucky had gloriously done—not by a signal from Washington, but by striking at the enemy where they might be found. Why should the great army of the Union be idle when soldiers and civilians everywhere were imploring for action? East Tennessee had asked for ten thousand men for her defence against the rebels. The prayer had been answered by the announcement that no troops could be spared from the army of the Potomac; yet there were absent from that army, a few days ago, and it was about the general average—on business or pleasure, or other objects—nearly one thousand officers and seven thousand privates; an army of themselves as large as was required to save Tennessee.

It was not necessary to go to Tennessee for an illustration of the want of enterprize and daring on the part of controlling managers of the army. He had it on authority which he could not question, that some three weeks ago, from ten to fifteen thousand Confederates in the neighborhood of Romney were virtually in the power of a division of our army, numbering about forty thousand. Gen. Lander sent a messenger to Gen. Kelly, saying, in substance:—"We have got them now, certain; join me," and Gen. Kelly, without the knowledge of such messenger, sent one of his own, bearing a similar message. Meanwhile one of these generals telegraphed to Gen. Banks to advance on one side, while he advanced upon the other; but, unfortunately, he telegraphed at the same time to headquarters in reference to what was going on, when an answer came, in the form of an order, not to advance, accompanied by a reprimand for even the suggestion of such a movement.

That the battle would have sadly broken in upon the "great plan" was quite probable. It might have finished the "great anaconda," as the newspapers had called it; but it must not be forgotten that this mammoth reptile, that was to draw within his folds and crush the rebellion at a single sweep of his tail, had already swallowed up all our contemplated victories, and gorged himself with the substance of the people to no purpose. Less than thirty days ago, a tried general in Missouri sent forward several thousand cavalry against Gen. Price, and was about to follow with ten thousand infantry, with every prospect of success, when an order came from a superior officer to halt. Was not this characteristic of the whole war?

The battle of Fredericktown, Missouri, and the recent battle in Kentucky were both fought without orders from Washington. Give our Western generals the power to march against the enemy at will, and the war, so far as the south-west is concerned, will be closed in ninety days with the possession of the Mississippi river to the Gulf. He referred to the blockade of the Potomac as a cause for shame, and intimated that the President was anxious to prosecute the war with vigor. In conclusion, he said he saw a streak of light ahead, resting upon the chair of the new Secretary of War—a man who, if report spoke truly, was like brave Ben. Wade, of Ohio—a good combination of "Old Hickory" and Zach. Taylor, with a mind of his own, a brain to plan, and an iron will to execute. That officer would be likely to push on the war with all the vigor that characterized the people in raising so vast and mighty an army.

The Committee rose, and the House took up the Senate Joint Resolution providing for secret sessions on war questions, and imposing penalties for disclosing the proceedings therein.

Mr. Stevens (Pa.) moved the previous question.

Mr. Vallandigham (Ohio) raised a point, which was overruled, that the resolution involved a change of rules, and that it must therefore lie over one day.

Mr. Stevens, in reply to a question, said that he had the word of the Secretary of War that the resolution was necessary.

The resolution was then passed, and the House adjourned.

Warlike Preparations of Our Peace-Loving British "Brethren."

In regard to the British preparations for war, and what has been done by the Admiralty since the Trent imbroglio, the *London Times* says:—

"Five weeks ago Admiral Milne had in North America a squadron of line-of-battle ships consisting of ten first class frigates and seventeen powerfully armed corvettes and sloops, all steamers, and mounting in all eight hundred and fifty guns; but in the short space of five weeks the Admiralty have increased or made preparations for increasing Admiral Milne's force by adding two line-of-battle ships, twenty-three of the largest, fastest, and heaviest armed screw frigates, and eight powerful corvettes, mounting among them one hundred guns. Some of these vessels have already sailed, and are already on the station; others are on their way out, and some only await their sailing orders to start at a moment's notice: of the squadron of frigates, each vessel has been carefully chosen for its great sailing speed, high steam power, and heavy armament, and never yet has such a fleet of picked cruisers been sent against an enemy. By the beginning of February Admiral Milne will have at his disposal sixty-five sail, namely, seven line-of-battle ships, thirty-three frigates, and twenty-five corvettes and sloops. With such a force a total and most effective blockade of all the Federal ports could be established in a single week. A single vessel at each port closes Boston and Portland, and two off Cape May would be ample for the Delaware river and the trade of Philadelphia. Admiral Milne has already made very complete arrangements in the event of war. The Federal cruisers off the Southern coast would be instantly looked after. With the Warrior at Sandy Hook, nothing could enter New York.

"No effectual resistance could be made to a combined attack of our four iron frigates, in case the British Government wished to dictate their own terms of peace, by laying the fleet *broadside on to the streets of New York and Hoboken.* This could be done without the smallest risk to the iron ships. On the Canadian lakes we do not possess the same advantage as on the Atlantic, but we can send gunboats ready made, as quick as the Northerners can build them, and rather quicker.

"Within a week after the breaking up of the ice in the rivers and canals, a whole fleet of gunboats, with the most powerful of the screw corvettes sent out to Admiral Milne, will carry the protection of the English flag from Montreal to Detroit."

WHIPPED TO DEATH.

The Albany statesman publishes a letter from Hooker's Division, stating that Samuel Cox, of Port Tobacco, Maryland, a returned rebel, whipped a negro to death for informing the Federal commander that he (Cox) had arms for rebel use secreted in his house. The slave had escaped, but was delivered up to Cox by one of our officers. The correspondent says:—

"Cox tied the man to his horse and rode at a rapid rate, the poor slave running to keep up behind him. When he left the regiment he had on a pair of good shoes, but when he reached his master's house his shoes were gone, and his bleeding feet were found to be bursting open from coming in contact with pebbles and stones. He had been dragged eleven miles behind his master's horse! They arrived home in the evening about 11 o'clock on Friday. He tied him to a tree and called his overseer, Franklin Roby, and a man by the name of Jno. Robinson. They commenced whipping him about twelve o'clock, and whipped him until three o'clock, three hours, taking turns with the whip, when one was tired and breathless another would apply the lash.

"The only words he uttered up to 2 o'clock were—

"'I shall not live after this.'

"'Oh, no, you rascal, I intend to kill you!' said Cox.

"'Mr. Cox,' said Robinson, 'he is dying.'

"'No he is not. He is stout-hearted and able-bodied. He can stand as much more. However, give me the whip, let his blood be upon my head,' replied Cox.

"The lash was then applied until about two hours before day. About three o'clock he was cut down and sank to the earth insensible.—He had on a new cotton shirt when they began to whip him, and when they were done there was nothing left of it but the collar-band and wristbands. Then commenced the rubbing down to bring back sensibility, but all of no avail. Their unfortunate victim breathed his last before sundown on Saturday evening.—Thus perished a loyal negro at the hands of a traitor."

☞ There were two hundred and forty-seven pleasant days last year, according to a Lowell meteorologist.

☞ One of the Hartford papers gives the following directions as the forms of address of ladies, which may be worth remembering. If Mary Pond marries John Lake, she thereby becomes Mrs. John Lake, and should be thus addressed. If he dies and leaves her a widow, she should be addressed as Mrs. *Mary* Lake, unless they have been previously divorced; in that case she is Mrs. Mary Pond.

☞ A German writer, Boerne, compares the different stages in the lives of women to milk, butter and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old maid like cheese—all three may be excellent in their kind."

THE BATTLE OF WEBB'S CROSS ROADS

The Cincinnati Commercial obtained from a soldier and gentleman stopping at the Burnet House, who has been over the field of battle, the following very clear statement of facts:—

CINCINNATI, JAN. 26, 1862.

Editors Commercial:—There are so many reports in regard to our late victory in Kentucky, that I will, with your permission, give you the leading facts in a nutshell.

The fight commenced about daylight. The rebels had about seven thousand men. Those engaged on our part were Wolford's Cavalry, the Tenth Indiana, Ninth Ohio, Fourth Kentucky, Second Minnesota, and a few of the First East Tennessee, who broke ranks and pitched in. The rebel force was at least twice as large as that we had in the engagement.

The fight lasted till about ten o'clock. For a time it was one of desperation. The Mississippians and a part of a Tennessee regiment fought for half an hour hand to hand with the Ninth Ohio, Second Minnesota, and a part of the Tenth Indiana, and only fled when our boys made a bayonet charge, which resulted in great destruction to the rebels, and caused them to start for "Dixie."

The killed on the part of the rebels was about three hundred; wounded, something near the same; and some two hundred prisoners fell into our hands. We lost thirty-seven killed; about one hundred wounded. 1,780 horses and mules were captured by us; some 300 wagons; 14 hogsheads of sugar; a large lot of coffee; about 20,000 pounds of pork; 16 pieces of artillery; all their camp and garrison equipage; a great number of blankets, and other quartermaster and commissary stores; and just how many stand of small arms it is impossible to tell. We have a pile ten feet in diameter, and are still finding them.

They fled in the greatest confusion. Many were drowned, and others tore off their clothes to swim the river, and *were seen ten miles beyond, stark naked, running like wild men!* They had noble breastworks and a splendid encampment.

On Monday, the day after the fight, the citizens state that the soldiers were about to mob Crittenden, and one fact we know, 1,500 *guns were thrown down in one pile.* The men, the citizens say, declared they were going home, and would never raise another arm in defence of the Southern conspiracy.

Zollicoffer was killed early in the engagement. It is him; I saw him and knew him.

To conclude, it is impossible to conceive of the extent of this victory. After all the powers of the tongue and pen have been employed to convey the result, the half has not been told nor imagined. After I saw the whole thing, examined minutely the scene, and retired from the place, and the excitement calmed down, I was tempted to believe I had been lost in the reveries of imagination, and there was nothing real in it. It cannot be described. It is impossible to do unto the success of our arms, and the complete victory achieved in the rout of the rebels, anything like JUSTICE.

Another correspondent says:—

FRUITS OF THE VICTORY.—Yet the victory was complete. Thirteen cannon, more than a thousand stand of arms, a thousand horses, ammunition, baggage trains, commissary stores of every kind, tents, clothing, and, in short, everything which the poor fellows had were left to us. A copy of the order of retreat was found, directing that the army should move at 4 o'clock, silently, and leave everything. They did not even spike their guns.

THEIR FORTIFICATIONS AND CAMP.—No army was ever smitten with such a panic, even in the open field. That they should leave fortifications of the extent and strength of those around their camp, seemed almost incredible. Those fortifications were evidently constructed under the supervision of a skillful engineer. *It would be difficult to construct more formidable earthworks.* They were defended by thirteen pieces, many of them rifled. The force of the enemy, even after their heavy losses in the morning, was fully equal in numbers to our own. Yet all was abandoned.

To our men, accustomed to live in cold tents, the rebel camp seemed almost a paradise. The most of the regiments were furnished with log huts, warm, comfortable and homelike. In the commissary department they were much better supplied than we have been. No crackers, but good corn bread and biscuit most inviting. Coffee, sugar, beef, fat hogs, everything of the best, and plenty of it. The South may be starving, but the Southern army is far from it. In clothing and arms alone our troops have the advantage over them. Their guns were, many of them, flint-lock muskets, shot-guns, and squirrel rifles. But few rifled muskets were found.

RUSSELL AGAIN AT PREDICTIONS.—Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, is again at his old work—but, finding his predictions so far so wanting in truth, now comes out on the right side. He says in a recent letter to the *Times*:

"The action at Dranesville has given this army more confidence, and has been admitted by the Confederates to be a serious disaster for their men. *The superior arms of the Federalists must in the long run establish a moral as well as a physical advantage over their opponents.* A fowling-piece is but a poor match for an Enfield rifle. While the South is cut off from Europe, unless by the chance passage of a vessel through the blockade, the North is importing arms by tens of thousands, and the Hamburg steamers each week are freighted with munitions of war for the Federal troops. All that ought to give victory—in numbers, wealth, and resources—is on their side, and still their progress is not sure, and is very slow. *But of its ultimate rapidity and success I have no doubt, and never had any, with the important proviso that the people pay taxes and give money to the government to carry on the war.*"

CELIBACY OF THE CATHOLIC CLERGY IN FRANCE.—A very interesting case, involving the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood, is about to be tried before a provincial tribunal in France. A little time ago, M. Bron de Mauslare, formerly incumbent of the commune of Cendriex, in Perigord, appeared before the Mayor, and requested him to celebrate his marriage. The Mayor refused point blank, on the ground that being in holy orders is a disability for the contraction of matrimony. M. Bron, in reply, requested the Mayor to inform him what law he relied on to justify his refusal, and, as the perplexed functionary hunted in vain through the Code Napoleon, informed him that as priests enjoyed the same privileges as other French citizens, there was no reason for supposing that they were to be debarred from marrying, if they thought proper. The Mayor, however, still refused to perform the marriage ceremony. M. Bron is bringing an action against him to compel him to do so. His case is in the hands of Jules Favre.

☞ An old gentleman has a queer way of showing his hospitality to strangers. The moment a person comes to his house, he brings him a pine-knot and a jack-knife! The old gentleman is a genuine Yankee, and believes there is but one pleasure greater than whittling, and that consists of selling shoe pegs for cash.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE LUMP OF BUTTER.—A case in the Insolvent Court, held in this city last week by Judge White, of Norfolk county, illustrates John Randolph's remark, that "a bankrupt estate in the hands of assignees, is like a lump of butter in a dog's mouth." The assignee reported that the funds he had collected amounted to $1,300. For his services he charged $700. Judge White cut off $400 of the $700 with one blow of his judicial knife; and then ordered the payment of nearly $250 as interest for four or five years on the $1,300.—*Worcester Palladium.*

SECRETARY STANTON has ordered that no further contracts for or purchases of foreign military supplies of any kind be made, if the articles can be made in this country. He has revoked all outstanding orders, agencies, etc., for such supplies from abroad. All outstanding contracts for arms or supplies must be presented at the War Department within fifteen days, or be declared forfeited.

ACCOUNTS from Fort Pickens say that the rebels have withdrawn part of their forces from that vicinity to Mobile, which point they consider in danger. About 6,000 men are opposite Pickens. Fugitive slaves constantly seek refuge at the fort.

IN reply to a resolution of inquiry from the House of Representatives, the Paymaster General reports officially that the cost of music for the volunteers is five millions of dollars per annum, exclusive of clothing, subsistence, and transportation of the 17,500 men composing the bands, and the liability to pay each of them $100 bounty at the close of their enlistment.

DEBT OF CANADA.—Some of the Ministerial press in Canada having made a great hullaballoo about the hopeless weight of debt that was being hung like a mill-stone about the neck of our government, they are reminded by the Toronto Globe that Canada herself happens to live in an unusually brittle glass-house, inasmuch as she rejoices in a snug little "national debt" of seventy millions of dollars, and that it is increasing at the rate of five or six millions a year! As the population of the province is only two and a half million souls, it follows that, in order to cancel this obligation, a tax of nearly thirty dollars would have to be levied on every man, woman and child.

THE REBELS AT MANASSAS.—A rebel deserter who came into our lines contradicts the report that the rebels have fallen back from Manassas. He says about ten regiments have gone south, but that the main body of the rebel army has not changed its position. They have nearly abandoned the idea that Gen. McClellan intends to attack them this winter. The rebel line of defence extends upwards of sixty miles. They expect the most sanguinary battle to take place at Centreville, for they have that place for miles around almost impregnably fortified. He says it was reported for several days that Gen. McClellan was dead, and there was great rejoicing.

REPLACING A NOSE.—A few days since, a gentleman of Cleveland, Ohio, had his nose so nearly cut off by a fall from a carriage, that it hung only by a bit of skin and cartilage. It was, however, speedily replaced in its original position, bound firmly on, and was healing so neatly that only a slight scar will exist to mark the accident.

BUCKEYES FINDING COAL.—Two or three weeks ago, when the Seventeenth Ohio regiment was encamped near Crab Orchard, Ky., some of the troops accidentally discovered coal cropping out of the soil. Specimens of it were scattered thickly all over the surface of the country, but the inhabitants said it was slate. That night great fires of "slate" diffused comfort throughout the camp, and the Kentuckians who visited the regiments were astonished to see the Buckeyes burning it.—One old man said that several years ago he had dug a well on an adjoining farm, through the "same sort of stuff," *but it had never occurred to him that it was cannel coal.*

WHAT THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE NORTH BEGIN TO SAY.—It is worth while hearing what the colored people say of the war and the emancipation question. The *Anglo African* (the organ of that class of our population), in a recent issue, expresses the conviction that, as the war goes on, the rebels will come to the conclusion that they can trust their slaves to fight for them. They will then put arms in their hands, and while leading them to the battle-field, we are told, they will promise them emancipation. This arrangement, the *Anglo-African* seems to think, would work, and so thinking, the editor says:—

"If to-morrow's sun should welcome a proclamation of emancipation from Jeff. Davis, and a decree to arm all able-bodied male slaves in defence of their birth-land, would the slaves accept? Yes. And could the South then be subjugated? No. There's no use talking; there are not white men enough born in the free states to overcome such a combination in the slave states."

IT is reported at the Washington Navy Yard that, a short time since, while one of our vessels was firing at a rebel battery, one of the guns could not be discharged, when the load was withdrawn and the cartridge found to be filled with sand.

GEN. MCCLELLAN'S order forbidding the Hutchinsons to sing in the camps on the Potomac is as follows:

"By direction of Major-General McClellan, the permit given to the Hutchinson Family to sing in the camps, and their pass to cross the Potomac, are revoked, and they will not be allowed to sing to the troops."

GEN. FREMONT is still quietly domiciled at Washington. The charges against him and the requests that he be court-martialled have not, so far as can be ascertained, been definitely acted upon by the government, and therefore it is not known what course will be pursued towards that gentleman.

FOUR U. S. steamers and three sailing vessels are now after the privateer Sumter, and the Constitution is fitting out at Portsmouth for a similar purpose. Several national ships are lying idle in port for want of seamen, about four thousand of whom are now needed by the Navy Department, while one thousand are needed for the Mississippi flotilla.

THE Sumter has been ordered by the Spanish government to leave Cadiz, and she has gone to Gibraltar.

LORD LYONS has presented to Secretary Seward the last despatches received from the British government. They express satisfaction at the concessions made in the Trent affair, but no willingness to agree to Mr. Seward's propositions as precedents for the future.

THE Doretha Harris, a schooner, cleared a few days ago from Baltimore, loaded with salt for Washington. The flotilla below Acquia Creek allowed it to pass, but, when opposite the rebel batteries, a signal was given, and it ran right up to the wharf at Acquia Creek. Although it was ostensibly loaded with salt, it was not known that there was nothing else in the hold.

THE Hartford papers bring us long accounts which show that the selectmen of the various towns in that state are drafting the militia, to raise a force for immediate use at the South.

☞ A person being asked what was meant by realities of life, answered:—"Real estate, real money, and a real good dinner, none of which could be realized without real hard work."

SPEECH OF GEN. LANE AT CHICAGO.

At Chicago, on Wednesday, a serenade was given to Gen. Jim Lane. He spoke as follows on the occasion:

"It is no time for talking now, but for action. We have consumed eight months in inactivity, have wasted three hundred millions of dollars, and sacrificed twenty-five thousand lives, and turned this country upside down in our insane endeavors to put down this infernal rebellion, and save slavery. I tell you it can't be done, and the Government has come to that conclusion.—Let me tell you, confidentially, that on Monday last they opened a new set of books, and came to the conclusion that if the Union can't be saved, and slavery saved, then down goes slavery. The rebels have either got to submit, or die or run away. I tell you the time has come when play must stop.

"The rebels must submit, or be sent down forthwith to that hell already yawning to receive them. This desirable consummation was effected by a compromise. The radical men agreed that the conservative men should carry on the war according to their notions for eight months, provided they were allowed the next eight. The time is up for the conservatives, and they now hand the war and its conduct over to the radicals, and every conservative man should now extend the same encouragement and support which we gave to them in the prosecution of their method. There are in the South 680,000 strong and loyal male slaves, who have fed and clothed the rebel army, and have as good as fought upon their side. Government now proposes that those loyal slaves shall feed and clothe our army and fight upon our side.

"The other day, while I was talking with the President, Old Abe said to me, 'Lane, how many black men do you want to take care of your army?' I told him as my army would number 34,000, I proposed to have 34,000 contrabands in addition to my teamsters and wagon-masters. I consider every one of my soldiers engaged in this glorious crusade of freedom a knight-errant, and entitled to his squire to prepare his food, black his boots, load his gun, and take off his drudgery. Vanity and pride are necessary adjuncts of the soldier, and I do not propose to lower him by menial offices, nor compel him to perform the duties of the slave. So, while I shall elevate the slave by giving him his freedom, and making a man of him, I shall also elevate the soldier, and leave him no work to do but fighting. [A voice in the crowd—'What are you going to do with the niggers?']

"The General, singling out the owner of the voice, and pointing his long finger at him, replied:

"Ah, my friend, you are just the man I have been looking for. I will tell you what I am going to do with them. I am going to plant them on the soil of the Gulf coast, after we have got through this war; let them stay there and cultivate the land; have Government extend a protection to them, as it does to the Indians, and send superintendents and governors among them, and pay them wages for their labor. There could be no competition between black and white labor." He believed, whether the rebels liked the idea or not, that the blacks at no distant day would have possession of that Gulf country, to which they were acclimated and physically conditioned. He proposed to establish free state governments as he went along, and he could promise his hearers that either he or the rebels would be cleaned out.

ERICSSON'S FLOATING BATTERY.

Ericsson's floating battery, now being built at New York, is nearly finished, and its merits will soon be tried upon one of the rebel forts. The Scientific American expresses some doubt of the successful working of the machinery for turning the turret or iron-plated tower which contains the guns. It will be remembered that this floating battery is an iron vessel, 174 feet long, 41 feet 4 inches wide, and 11 feet 6 inches deep. In the middle is a circular turret, to hold two formidable guns of the Rodman pattern, of 11 or 12-inch bore. The paper we have alluded to says:—

"When not in action, the turret rests with its edge upon the deck of the vessel, but when it is to be turned, its weight is principally transferred to a central shaft ten inches in diameter, standing in a massive cup which is bolted to an iron bulkhead, extending across the vessel. The cup rests upon a large metal wedge, and is raised by driving with a heavy sledge against the wedge, which is then held in place by a screw extending forward from its thinner end. This rising of the cup also raises the shaft so that the latter will support the principal portion of the weight of the turret, the lower edge of the turret resting lightly upon the deck. The turret weighs 140 tons, and while it is thus hung upon a central shaft, it must be constantly turned to point the cannon, and it is subjected to the concussions not only of its own heavy guns, but also to the battering of the enemy's artillery, to receive which it is being expressly constructed. Several parts must be made sufficiently strong to withstand the strain of this great weight and jar; the cup, the fastenings of the cup to the bulkhead, the bulkhead, the fastenings of the bulkhead to the sides of the vessel, the shaft, and the supports of the turret upon the shaft. If the constructors succeed in securing all these connections so that they will withstand the immeasurable shattering force to which they will be subjected, it will furnish an extraordinary proof of the thoroughness with which our mechanicians do their work."

Capt. Norton, the well-known inventor of war projectiles, referring in the Irish Agricultural Review to this battery, says the sides of the battery could not be pierced by shot fired from any gun in the British service, but a shot fired from the 15-inch bore guns on the Rodman principle, would crush the sides of the British mail-clad steamer Warrior.—He calls attention to the fact that many towns on the British coast could be burned by a shell filled with liquid fire from such a gun, and the largest line-of-battle ships be destroyed. These Rodman guns are just the things to place upon our rivers for defence, and a steel-clad floating battery would be a great security to Philadelphia.

DEATH OF A LILLIPUTIAN.—Mrs. Frederick Mabie, of Bergen county, N. J., died a few days ago. This lady, who had reached the advanced age of 77 years, was no taller than ordinary little girls of four or five summers, and although a Lilliput in size, her intellect was unimpaired to the time of her death, and until a short time past she was as sprightly as any other person at her age. When young, she is said to have been possessed of extraordinary personal beauty, presenting the appearance more of a doll than a grown woman. Being of a lively temperament and a beautiful dancer, her company was sought for far and wide, and not a ball or a party was given in the neighborhood without her being present—the centre of all attraction. She had a brother who was but a few inches taller than herself. He had his third wife when he died.

☞ No doubt honesty is the best policy, but those who do honest things merely because they think it good policy, are not honest.

THE POTTER COMMITTEE—CURIOUS STATEMENT AS TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The Potter committee in their report, bring serious charges against District Attorney Carrington, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Maynadier, of the army, now assistant to the Chief of Ordnance. Colonel Craig, the Chief of Ordnance, preferred charges against Maynadier last June.

But the most remarkable case is that of John Watt, ex-gardener at the President's House. There is positive proof of his sympathy with the South, of his exulting over the Federal defeat at Bull Run, of his abuse of the Federal Government and army, and his high admiration of Jeff. Davis.

H. W. Gray, of Philadelphia, testifies that on the Sunday week following the battle of Bull Run he met John Watt, gardener at the President's house, at the St. Lawrence Hotel in Philadelphia. Heard Watt say that "the southern confederacy must be acknowledged; that the United States could never conquer the South." He also said that "officers of the Federal army were of no account; and spoke highly of the southern officers, and said that Jeff. Davis was the best and bravest man in America." In the course of further conversation, Watt said that "the Federal army was composed of rubbish, and that the soldiers were cowards!"

Franklin Smith, of Philadelphia, testifies to being present at the St. Lawrence Hotel, Philadelphia, when the conversation took place alluded to by the former witness. He corroborates the above statement, and adds that Watt on that occasion "abused the Federal army, saying that it was composed of rubbish, and that they were cowards." The witness further states that Watt and his companions, on the occasion alluded to, "were much elated at the result of the battle of Bull Run, and were very free in expressing their feelings."

It is proper to state, in this connection, that more than two weeks before the appointment of Watt as a lieutenant in the army, the chairman informed the President that testimony had been taken before the Committee greatly impeaching the loyalty of that person, who was then acting as gardener at the White House; and furthermore, that on the 12th day of September a copy of the evidence was enclosed.

No statement has yet been made by President Lincoln, explaining his appointment of such a man, knowing him to be such. The Senate refused to confirm the appointment.

The Religious Deputations and Earl Russell.

The London correspondent of the Boston Recorder, under date of London, December 28, gives the only report we have seen of the interview between Earl Russell and a deputation from "the three denominations," a body composed of Congregationalists, Baptists and Presbyterians; from the Congregational Union, from the Baptist Union, and from the Presbyterian Board. The several deputations included the most prominent ministers and laymen, and their object was to state to the Government the strong aversion which they felt to war with America and to urge the propriety of resort being had to arbitration. The Recorder correspondent says:—

"Their respective addresses having been read, Earl Russell said that the sentiments advanced by the gentlemen who had done him the honor to wait upon him, were exactly such as he should have expected from Christian ministers and gentlemen strongly imbued with Christian truth, and he fully sympathized with them in their aversion to the war. That being so, the Government would do everything in its power, consistent with the honor of the country, to bring about a peaceful solution of the difficulty.

"As to arbitration, the noble Lord intimated that there would be no indisposition to resort to it, but the request for arbitration must come from the American Government, if they decline to comply with the British demands. England could not propose it.

"With reference to the article of the Paris Conference proposing that differences should be settled by the mediation of friendly powers, he said it did not apply to questions of national honor, but only to boundary and such like disputes.

"This is a faithful account of what took place at the interview. Reporters were rigidly excluded, and no statement has as yet appeared in any of our journals. I may add further that there was but one impression among the deputations on this point, that Earl Russell very seriously apprehended that war would be the issue of the dispute."

WESTERN VIRGINIA AND SLAVERY.—In the Convention, on the 27th, Mr. Battelle, of Ohio county, offered the following propositions in relation to slavery in the new state:

"No slaves shall be brought into the state for permanent residence after the adoption of this Constitution. All children born of slave parents in this state on and after the 4th of July, 1865, shall be free, and the Legislature may provide general laws for the apprenticeship of such children during their minority, and for their subsequent colonization."

The above propositions were referred to the Committee on General Provisions, which committee will probably report some time this week. It is not expected that the committee will report any provision of the above character, the majority being averse to the consideration of the slavery question; but whenever that committee make their report, a proposition embodying the sentiments of the free state men will be brought forward, and will be, from present indications, fiercely contested.

A DOG LEARNING TO SLIDE.—Yesterday several persons crossing the Park near the monument were amused by the movements of a large Newfoundland dog. The animal stood for some time watching with apparently great interest the boys sliding along the slippery sidewalk, and at length seemed to "get the hang" of the matter. As soon as the "slide" was clear, he gravely trotted off to one end, ran on to the ice, and then straightened out his legs in approved "sliding" style, but as canine feet are not well arranged for either skating or sliding, the attempt was a failure.

The dog was determined not to "give it up so," and went back to watch again. After a while he made another attempt, failed, and then, seeming to abandon the case as hopeless, trotted off in disgust.—*Cleveland Herald.*

ENGLAND DURING THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON.—When England was in her death-grapple with Napoleon, she suspended the payment of specie both from the Exchequer of the nation and the Bank of England.—For twenty-five years this suspension continued—and it was not, we believe, until 1823, or eight years after the Arbiter of kingly fates had been sent a suppliant to St. Helena, that the payment of specie was resumed. During this time the paper money of England was made a legal tender—the faith of the nation was the currency of the nation. The power of England was strengthened, and the years of paper currency were years of prosperity.

GEN. STONE RELIEVED.—Gen. Burns, now in command of a brigade at Poolesville, will take Stone's command, he having been relieved.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, in a letter addressed to the volunteers preparing to leave for Washington, says:—"Be sure to provide yourselves with some good medicine for sore feet, cold and camp diarrhœa. I know of nothing better for the purpose than Davis' PAIN KILLER. Some companies have come provided with it, and have given a good report of it."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is little or no change in the price of Flour. Sales reach 12,000 bbls, mostly extra family, at $5,70@6,12½ for common to good and selected brands, including 1000 bbls Diamond Mills and 1200 bbls City Mills, chiefly Quaker City and Jenny Lind, on terms kept private; 1500 bbls common and extra at $5,37½@5,50, and good and choice do, part Lancaster county, at $5,62½@5,75 ℔ bbl; superfine is neglected, and the sales are mostly in lots to supply the trade at $5,25@5,37½ for common to good brands; $5,50@5,70 for extras; $5,75@6,25 for family, and $6,50@6,75 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is unsettled and lower, with sales at $3,50@3,75. Corn Meal continues dull, and Pennsylvania meal is offered at $3, without finding buyers; 500 bbls Brandywine sold at $3,12½ ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts are moderate, but the market for Wheat has been dull and rather lower this week, with sales of 37,000 bus, mostly Penna Reds, to note, part taken for shipment, at $1,30 to $1,35, as in quality, closing at $1,33@1,34 for good and choice lots, in store; White ranged at $1,40 to $1,50, with small receipts and sales. Rye is also dull and rather lower, with moderate sales of Penna at 73@72c. Corn comes in slowly, but the demand continues limited, and the market dull and drooping; sales only reach about 25,000 bus new Penna and Southern Yellow at 55@58c, in store and afloat, closing at 58c, afloat; some small lots of old also sold at 58@60c. Oats are steady but less active, and some 33,000 bus have been disposed of at 38@38½c for Penna, in store. Barley and Malt are quiet, and the former scarce and firm at 80@85c for N Y State.

PROVISIONS—The market is without any material change, and the sales of barrelled meats mostly in small lots at $12@12,75 for Western and city Mess Pork; 2000 bbls of the latter also sold on terms kept private. Mess Beef ranges at $12@14 ℔ bbl, the latter for city packed. Dressed Hogs are selling at $4@4,25 ℔ 100 lbs, the former for Western. Of Bacon and Green Meats the receipts and sales are limited and prices nominal, including Hams at 5@7c; Sides at 4½@6c, and Shoulders at 3½@4½c ℔ lb, cash and time. Lard is unchanged, with further sales of 800 tcs and bbls at 7½@8¼c, and kegs at 7¾@8¾c, mostly cash, the former rate for country packed. Butter is steady at 8@10c for packed, and 12@15c for roll, and Cheese quiet at 7@7¾c ℔ lb. Eggs are dull and selling in whole lots at 13@13½c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The late foreign news has depressed the market for this staple, and there is little or nothing doing to alter quotations, which are nearly nominal, buyers taking hold in a small way only within the range of 32@35c, cash, for ordinary to middling quality. The stock is very much reduced.

ASHES—The sales of both kinds have been light, and prices about the same.

BARK—There is none arriving, and 1st No 1 Quercitron is scarce and wanted at an advance on previous quotations. The last sales were at $33 ℔ ton. Tanners' Bark is nominally unchanged, but we hear of no sales.

BEESWAX continues scarce, but the demand is limited at 32@33c ℔ lb for good yellow.

COAL—Prices are unchanged, but orders come in slowly, and the market generally is very quiet, the scarcity of suitable vessels limiting the operations for shipment.

COFFEE—The stock has been increased by the arrival of near 3000 bags Rio, which is not offered, and holders are very firm in their views. The demand, however, is limited, and only some 900 bags have been disposed of at 18½@21c for Rio, 23½@23c for Laguayra, and 25@26c for Java, mostly of the former, cash and time.

COPPER—The market is firm, with a small business to note in both Sheathing and Yellow Metal at the advance.

FEATHERS continue neglected and dull, with further sales of good Western, in lots, at 36@37c ℔ lb, mostly at the former rate.

FRUIT sells moderately at $3@4¼ for Green Apples, and $7@10 ℔ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Apples sell rather more freely at 6@6¼c, and unpared Peaches at 7@10c ℔ lb, as in quality. Pared are scarce and high.

HAY is firmer, and good Timothy moves of more freely at 70@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is little or no stock in first hands, and nothing doing in the way of sales to alter quotations. The market, however, is very firm.

HOPS are rather more active, and selling at 20@22c for good Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is firmer, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations to some 2000 tons Anthracite at $19, 6 mos, for Forge, $20, cash, and $21, time, for No 1.—Very little doing in other kinds.

LEAD is firm and on the advance, with a sale of 800 pigs recast to note at 7c. There is little or no stock here.

LUMBER—There is very little movement in the market, and prices of all kinds are unchanged, with light receipts and sales.

MOLASSES has been very quiet, but the market at the close is firmer, with more disposition to operate, with small sales of Cuba at 24@26c, and Syrup at 30@33c, cash and time.

PLASTER—There is none arriving, and we quote Soft nominally at $2,25 ℔ ton, at which figures the last sales were made.

RICE is firm, with a small business to note in Carolina at 7@7¼c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—The market has been inactive, but steady, with further sales of 3000 bus Cloverseed in lots at $4,25 to $4,62½, mostly at $4,50 ℔ bus, at which price it is firm at the close. Timothy is nominal at $1,75 ℔ bus. Flaxseed is firmer, and quoted at $2,10@2,20 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy and Gin, and no alteration to notice in either. N. E. Rum sells slowly at 31@33c. Whiskey is dull at the close, bbls selling at 24@25c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and drudge at 23½c.

SUGARS are very dull, with a small business only to note in Cuba, at 7¾@8¼c. About 350 boxes also sold at 7¾@8c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is steady but quiet at 9¼@9¼c for city, and 8¾c for country.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet but firm, the want of stock limiting the operations in both Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL—The market has been very quiet this week, with a small business only to note in fine domestic Fleece and foreign Wools at quotations. Other kinds are neglected and dull.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1024 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 8½ cents ℔ lb. Cows brought from $23 to 38 ℔ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from $4,12 to 5. 1070 Hogs sold at from 4½ to 4¾ ℔ cwt net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 1, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	10 to 50 dis.
Canada	¼ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3½ to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 25 dis.	Nova Scotia	18 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 to 30 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	2½ dis.	Virginia	5 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	3½ to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d of Jan., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG, to Miss ELIZABETH STRUBLE, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. M. H. Sicty, Mr. WILLIAM LAMB, to Miss MARY E. NESPEL, both of this city.

In this city, on the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, S. FRANKLIN SAWYER, Esq. of New York city, to ANNIE, daughter of S. Levine, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. E. H. Gilroy, Mr. CHARLES B. SHOEMAKER, to Miss MARY WISTAR, both of this city.

On Jan. 15th, 1862, by the Rev. Robt. R. Greenbank, Mr. GEORGE W. MILLER, to Miss ELIZABETH SCOTT, both of this city.

On the evening of the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Wesley Kenney, THOMAS F. FULMER, to ANNA J. SHILLING, both of this city.

On the 1st of January, 1862, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Pastor of Asbury M. E. Church, Mr. WILLIAM GRAHAM, to Miss CATHARINE FRAZIER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, HANNAH L. widow of the late Jos. Trasel, in her 67th year.

On the 25th ultimo, JOHN L. WILLIAMS, in his 79th year.

On Thursday, 23d ultimo, LOUISA E. S. daughter of Thos. and Christiana Wright, in her 22d year.

Suddenly, on the evening of the 27th ultimo, Mr. AMOS NAYLOR, in his 33d year.

On the 24th ultimo, ARCHIBALD MOFFAT, in his 53d year.

On Friday evening, 24th ultimo, LUCY A. wife of John Newton.

On the 22d ultimo, RICHARD M. HAINES, in his 34th year.

On 7th-day morning, 25th ultimo, SUSANNA, widow of Geo. Baker, in her 70th year.

On the 25th ultimo, JOHN S. DYE, formerly of Ashland, Schuylkill county, Pa., in his 46th year.

On the 27th ultimo, RACHEL, wife of Jacob Fisher, Esq., in his 61st year.

On the morning of the 26th ultimo, THOMAS WALLACE, in his 46th year.

On the 26th ultimo, SARAH W. MILLARD, wife of Jas. B. Millard, in her 39th year.

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BILIOUS AFFECTIONS,

LIVER COMPLAINTS,

SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, &c.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS,

A MILD, PROMPT & EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not required; and much sickness and suffering might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might be avoided by timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic medicines.

Convinced of the correctness of these views,

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Are recommended with the greatest confidence, experience having demonstrated them to be far superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.

For DYSPEPSIA, these Pills are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the Stomach and Liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. In cases of long standing, a cure will be more speedily effected by using, in conjunction with the Pills, either JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE or TONIC VERMIFUGE, according to directions.

For **Liver Complaint, Gout, Jaundice, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fevers, Nervousness, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Female Diseases, and Bilious Affections,** these Pills have proved themselves eminently successful. All that is asked for them is a fair trial.

The SANATIVE PILLS and all of DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S *Family Medicines* are prepared only at 242 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country.
sep7tf

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THE LOW PRICE

of Lumber, contract for a convenient house, fencing, and farming tools. The Company has sold OVER ONE THOUSAND of such

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this season. It is well known that Chicago sends more grain to market than all the Western lake ports combined; this is the best proof of the richness and

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DR. WM. B. HURD'S MOUTH WASH is a sure remedy for a BAD BREATH, SORE MOUTHS, CANKER, DISEASED BLEEDING GUMS, NURSING SORE MOUTH, &c. It is particularly beneficial to persons wearing artificial teeth, completely destroying every taint of the mouth, absorbing and removing all impurities.

No YOUNG LADY or YOUNG GENTLEMAN who is afflicted with a *bad breath* should delay applying this remedy, for it is a certain cure.

Prepared at Dr. Hurd's Dental Office, No. 77 Fourth street, Brooklyn (E. D.).

Principal office, Tribune Buildings, New York.

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HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7 1f

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IMPROVED DANDELION COFFEE.

Made from the best Java Coffee, is recommended by physicians as a superior, nutritious beverage for General Debility, Dyspepsia, and all Bilious disorders.

Thousands who have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, will use this without injurious effects. One can contains the strength of two pounds of ordinary coffee.

For sale at the N. E. Corner of Chestnut and Broad Sts., and all Druggists and Grocers, and by DYOTT & CO., No. 232 North Second St., Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. dec21-1y

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

Wit and Humor.

RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING:

OR,

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

BY McARONE.

[As this novel, like many other works of genius, is very unequal, we only give an occasional chapter. The work is so written, however, that the chapters do not suffer, but on the contrary are rather improved by their being read separately.—*Ed. Post.*]

In our last chapter, we left the young lieutenant in the act of making an important announcement to Glorianna. We would have finished the lieutenant's remark, in that chapter, but were interrupted by an invitation to "go out and take something." Before we returned, the printers had somehow got hold of the MS., and it was too late to add anything further. With this explanation, let us go on.

"Madame!" cried the lieutenant, "your——your husband!"

"What of him?——speak!"——implored Glorianna.

"He is dead——drunk, and won't come home."

"Is *that* all? Go," she replied, firmly; "go and get a p'leeceman to fetch him."

Don Rantanquero was soon brought home by an officer of the Fifteenth Precinct. He had his hat smashed, and was singing "We won't go home till morning."

Intemperance is the foible of Genius. No one knows that better than the writer, unless it may be O'Titian, the artist who has so well illustrated this work. As he is a fighting man, however, further particulars are obviously unnecessary, if not hazardous.

On the following morning, Don Rantanquero arose with the lark and the headache. He struck a bell of ivory inlaid with pearl, and a Mameluke slave appeared.

"Go, minion," said the Don, "to the nearest drug-store, and get me some Congress-water——stay, tell the man to fix me some Call-saya, the way the old gentleman on the corner of Fourth and Broadway used to make it for me. Then put a tablespoonful of it in a goblet of Congress,* and I shall be right as ninepence!"

The slave obeyed the mandate; and the Don dressed for breakfast.

"Black these boots," said he to the slave.

"Please, marsa, der ain't no blackin' in Mobile," replied the Mameluke; "dey done bein' sent it all down to Huntsville."

"I'll go to Huntsville and get some, then, after breakfast," said the Don, moodily.

So, when the meal was over, he kissed Glorianna, buckled on his pontoons and culverin, and gave the order for an advance of his entire army to Huntsville, leaving only a brigade of Vivandieres to hold the city. The order of advance was as follows:

Detailed corps of Policemen.
Brass Band.
Invited Guests.
Artists of the Illustrated Papers.
Brass Band.
Regiment of Faro-dealers.
Baggage-wagons.
Brigade of Light Quadroons.
Brass Band.
Civil Engineers.
Uncivil Engineers.
Don Rantanquero.
Brass Band.
Division of Artillery.
Mounted Infantry.
Foot Dragoons.
Horse Marines.
Brass Band.
Forty Engines.
Sappers and Miners.
Bord of Aldermen.
Pioneers.

Soldiers, sailors, pirates, priests, apple-women, etc.

As this splendid force approached Huntsville in battle array, with colors beating and drums flying, they drove the enemy's pickets into the ground, and encamped before the principal gate of the city.

Some of the commanders were in favor of storming at once, but Don Rantanquero was wiser. He knew that so long as there were people in the town, it would be dangerous to shoot that way. Serious casualties have been known to occur from similar causes. He therefore concluded to get everybody outside the walls before he brought his batteries to bear.

To this end, he had a grand mammoth pavilion erected near the camp, and posted bills thereabout, announcing the arrival of the great consolidated Union Circus, with five Shakspearian jesters. Performances to commence at early candle-light. Admittance twenty-five cents. Children under twelve, Half Price.

The people gathered, *en masse*, whatever that is, to witness the splendid feats of the amphitheatre. Col. Nixon, who was travelling with the army, kindly consented to act as manager, but the Don had great difficulty in persuading him out of his pet——that of having a grand opera, with the performers on horseback. Joe Pentland, who was travelling as Nixon's valet, also volunteered his services, and it is stated that he actually had a new joke to get off. This is, however, not entirely authentic, and does not sound likely.

Toward the close of the performance, when Zoyara was exhibiting her trained mare *Zaidee*, to the great terror, as usual, of jolly old John Cook, in the orchestra, the lieutenant of Quadroons appeared in a proscenium-box, and attracted the attention of the audience by blowing a police-whistle.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he then said; "I have an important announcement to make. [Cheers.] Huntsville has been captured without a blow. [Applause.] While you were all here, enjoying this beautiful spectacle, the Union forces have quietly taken possession of the town, and my superior, General-Colonel-Adjutant-Major-Captain-Lieutenant-Sergeant de Boom-jing-jing is now awaiting you, with General Prince Baron Witgislaus von Kowlingen, at a cold collation, spread in the East room of the Huntsville House of Peers." [Overwhelming applause.]

The people then left the pavilion, and took the oath of allegiance as they passed out. They were all sound for the Union. It is a great mistake to imagine that the South desires secession, or that the disunion sentiment is popular there. The inhabitants of Huntsville were enthusiastic in their welcome of the army, and instantly elected Don Rantanquero Mayor of the city. He was the most highly respected public officer they had ever lived under, and though he would hook things, at times, was beloved by all.

But the best of men have enemies.

Peter still lived.

This young man, who merits every well-bred reader's contempt, actively opposed the election of the Don, and did his best to stuff the ballot-boxes so as to defeat him. Failing in this, he rallied a few brigands from the Alleghany mountains around him, and sought to get up an insurrection. They set fire to the city in several places, mobbed the Mayoral mansion, and played the mischief generally. The Don, thinking they merely intended to serenade him, came out on the piazza to make a neat and appropriate speech, when he was seized by the ruffians.

"*A la lanterne!*" was the cry.

"I've got you now," said Peter, grimly, "and blow me if I don't stretch your neck two hours!"

"Two hours on the stretch?" said the Don, smiling: "well, do thy worst, fiend in human form! I defy thee!"

They placed a noose about the stalwart neck of Rantanquero, and dragging him to the lamp-post forced him to stand on a barrel. Then, making fast the other end of the rope to the cross-piece above, they kicked away the barrel.

Down came the Don with his whole weight.
—*Vanity Fair.*

* Copyright secured.

HOME GUARD DRILL.

DRILL MASTER.—"Fall in; and let me see a little of that 'superior intelligence' we hear so much about."

AMUSING ANECDOTES.

THE SMART LITTLE GIRL.—In a school way down in Dixie, whose teacher rather prided himself upon his skill in imparting to his pupils a correct knowledge of spelling, upon a certain examination-day, when the trustees and parents were in attendance upon the exercises, the whole school was put through a course of spelling. The word *Aaron* was given out by a visitor. After numerous comical attempts at it, it was correctly rendered by a little girl, who blated out:

"Big A little a r-o-n—Aaron."

In the course of a few moments all went gaily as a marriage-bell, every word being spelled correctly. At last some one gave out the word *Gallery*. This was rather a "poser," being out of the regular track of words spelled in the classes. Many unsuccessful attempts having been made, by-and-by a rough urchin, whose eyes fairly twinkled with the unexpected triumph, spoke out in clear, ringing accents, mindful of the previous victor:

"Big Gal little gal e-r-y—Gallery!"

It is needless to say that that effort closed the exercises in spelling, and literally brought down the house.

A BRAVE VOLUNTEER.—A brave volunteer is introduced by the following letter from Philadelphia:

"Rev. Mr. ——, a man about six feet four in his stockings, and of proportions worthy a grenadier, and whose heart is stout as his frame, a thorough Union man, and in for the war until all treason is thoroughly crushed out, was recently conducting a religious conference meeting, when a brother arose to speak, who, after alluding to his hopes and fears in a religious point of view, branched out in reference to the state of the country, saying that so great was his devotion to the Stars and Stripes that he had enlisted; and after a few further patriotic remarks, begged an interest in the prayers of the church, that he might be protected by Divine Providence on the battle-field, and that should he fall a victim to the bullets of the enemy, he might be prepared for the change.

"Such a speech at any time would thrill with patriotic fervor the brave heart of our worthy minister, and he consequently spoke a few words of encouragement to the hero. When the wife of the enlisting brother volunteered her experience, in the course of which, alluding to her husband's enlistment, she expressed a willingness to give him up, even unto death, in the service of his country.

"In a few moments after, the meeting came to an end, when the minister, all anxiety for the welfare of the patriot volunteer, proceeded to make some inquiries in reference to his regiment, commencing with the very natural question as to its name and number, when he received the startling reply,

"'I've jined the *Home Guard!*"

A CONSCIENTIOUS DEACON.—Many years ago a church was being built in Brandon, and the Deacon was employed to do some part of the work—building the pulpit, if I remember. He wanted a hundred and fifty dollars, while the committee wished it done for a hundred. At last it was settled between him and the Chairman, a shrewd lawyer, and something of a wag, that a hundred dollars should be the price; but if, on the completion of the job, the deacon said that he had had "an all-fired hard bargain," he should be paid twenty-five dollars more.

The good Deacon found that he had lost by the job, and claimed the additional five-and-twenty dollars.

"Well, Deacon," asked the lawyer, "can you honestly say you have had an all-fired hard bargain?"

"Yes, I have had an awful hard bargain."

"But can you say you have had an all-fired hard bargain?"

"Yes; it was a *tremendous* hard bargain."

"But that is not according to agreement.—Will you say you have had an *all-fired* hard bargain?"

"No, Squire; I can't say that. That would be swearin', and I won't swear for any money; but it was a *most outrageous* hard bargain."

"Then I don't see, Deacon Spooner, how we can, under the agreement, pay you the twenty-five dollars."

The Deacon left, preferring to lose the money rather than violate his conscience by saying "all-fired." But the upshot was, that after the lawyer had enjoyed the telling of the joke for a few days, he paid the sum. So the good Deacon saved his conscience, and did not lose the money.—*Harper's Magazine.*

☞ "You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been lately straightened by circumstances."

Agricultural.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

This is a crime often perpetrated in New England by men of respectability and wealth. The plan of operation is somewhat as follows:—A man owning land bordering upon the highway, desires to reset his fence, or relay his wall. Immediately he begins to mark out the bounds and limits of the proposed change. Eight men out of every ten, instead of building the new fence where the old one stands, encroach upon the road from six inches to two feet. Such encroachments we have witnessed scores of times. The usual excuse for thus robbing the highway, is the laudable desire to have "the line straight." The eye for the beautiful must be gratified, *probably*. But if in "making the line straight," the location of the fence or wall must be changed, why does it always happen that the change is never made at the expense of private property? Why do men never straighten bounds by cutting of narrow strips of land from their own possessions? Why must the highway be *robbed* to gratify a private whim?

The fact in the case is just here. Owners of land are as avaricious as owners of merchandise; and they adopt this mean way of getting a foot or two of soil without paying for it. The plain terms for such deeds are meanness and robbery. We never see a fence crowded into the road in this way, without saying at once, a mean man has done it.

Then again it often happens that the rights and conveniences of the travelling public are infringed and imposed upon by these highway robberies. The width of the road is seriously diminished, illegally, and by men who would be greatly incensed, should they be openly accused of dishonesty. We call to mind a bit of road, perhaps two furlongs in extent, where the land on both sides is owned by one man. Within twenty-five years, the fences on either side have shown a gradually increasing attraction for one another, and if they approximate during the next quarter of a century as rapidly as they have approximated during the last, they will at the end of that period be united. The road will be swallowed up by the greedy meanness of the owner in question.

Then, too, we have often noticed that roadside fences require new modelling oftener than any others. The reason for this is not apparent. Undoubtedly it is to be found in the *peculiarities* of the case—some especial reason for each especial removal.

A few years ago, one of the towns in this commonwealth chose an agent at a public meeting, whose duty it was to have all the fences in the town, on either side of the highway, moved back to the place assigned them by law; or what amounted to the same thing, this agent was directed to make the highways a *legal* width. He entered upon his duties; when behold it was found that a large majority of the land-owners in town must take down their fences and walls, bordering on the road, and move them back, in some instances, a number of feet! Here was an unlooked-for discovery, and the agent was compelled, by the same public sentiment that gave him his office, to abandon the duties of that office. A similar experiment, undertaken in almost any farming community, would produce similar results. Every town ought to appoint such an agent, and then sustain him in the faithful discharge of the work assigned him.

Mean men there are in every community. Every form of meanness has its own peculiar style of manifestation. This common custom of robbing the highway is not only a meanness, but it is a crime—a theft really a robbery—a taking by one man of property which does not belong to him, but which does belong to the community.

Another instance of this same class of meanness and misdemeanors, we call to mind. It chanced, in the construction of highways, years ago, that three roads formed the three sides of a triangular piece of land, containing a little less than a quarter of an acre. This triangular piece of land was regarded as "common" land; no one held any title to it. Such bits of "common" land are often met in the country. This place in question was fenced in by a wealthy man, whose farm was near by, and cultivated as a garden. It is so cultivated and held at this time, by a man who can show no title to it whatever. The meanness of this act will be apparent, when it is stated that the roads on all three sides of this garden are illegally, inconveniently, and in some places, dangerously narrow.

So it happens that wealth and respectability are cloaks sufficiently large to "cover a multitude of sins."—*Clinton Courant.*

MOLASSES OR SYRUP FROM THE CHINESE SUGAR-CANE.—The Secretary of the Iowa Agricultural Society estimates that seventy-six per cent. of the molasses that will be wanted in that state for the coming year, was made last fall from the Chinese sugar-cane. It is stated that the quantity made in Illinois will supply fifty per cent. of the molasses consumed by the population. In Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan, the quantity made was large. The manufacture of the article will probably be increased under the present prices of common sugar and molasses, and the low price of corn in those states.

FLAX CULTURE.—A Connecticut correspondent writes that the culture of flax is beginning to be considerably agitated since cotton has gone up to 40 and 45 cents per pound. He says "New England can produce 400 lbs. of good, clean, swingled flax per acre, on moist, rich land."

LIVER COMPLAINT IN SHEEP.

It is a fact that sheep are liable to an affection of the liver, as well as men, or other animals. Many of the nicest sheep in the country have died of it, and after taking off their pelts, farmers have thrown their carcasses to the hogs, without an effort to ascertain the cause, or find a remedy for it if known.

The most prominent and dangerous type of diseased liver in sheep which has come under my notice, is adhesion to the side, or side and bowels. The symptoms are, loss of appetite, and an inclination to occupy some corner of the fence alone. And often the animal will be found dead the next morning. Sometimes they will linger several days, and in spite of all the usual modes of nursing, they leave their pelts to pay their "doctor's bill."

A friend of mine has discovered a remedy, and as he does not design to patent it, I will, if you please, give it to your readers: he builds a scaffold in some convenient place, about five or six feet high, leaving the centre open, with a space as wide as a man can easily span with his feet. Then by the help of an assistant he catches the sheep, mounts the scaffold, and placing his feet on the planks the assistant passes the hind feet of the sheep up to him between the planks, when he "churns it up and down," (as he calls it), for five or ten minutes, which disengages the adhesion, and the sheep gets well without further trouble.

But I would suggest the feeding of them plenty of green pine, hemlock, or tamarack boughs as a preventive, which will doubtless be better than the churning process as a remedy.—J. H. S., *in Michigan Farmer.*

A LARGE APPLE.—The biggest apple on record is said by the Stockton (Cal.) Argus, to have been grown last year near Vancouver, Clark county, Washington Territory. It was of the "Gloria Mundi" species, measured nineteen and a half inches in its largest circumference, and weighed forty-five and a half ounces, or two pounds thirteen and a half ounces. Sixteen of these apples would make the standard weight of a bushel, forty-five pounds, and not more than twelve of them would really go within a bushel measure at once. This is one of the most extraordinary fruit-growths yet discovered on the western coast, where the turnips singly fill a peck measure, and the pumpkins need to be cut in two before they can be put into a cart.

Useful Receipts.

TO STOP BLEEDING.—A correspondent of the American Agriculturist writes that bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt on two parts bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours, or even days, if necessary.

CLOTH MITTENS.—Mrs. Gage, of "Field Notes," says:—"I have seen a half dozen notices of good methods for knitting and crocheting mittens; but there is a cheaper and easier way of getting up mittens than by the tedious process of knitting and crocheting, which is quite as warm and lasting. Take any soft, strong cloth, of all wool, and the same amount of Canton flannel, or partly worn wool flannel, if you have it; let the hand be laid flat on a piece of paper, marked round with a pencil, then cut out a pattern, allowing for seams; cut the lining bias so as to have a spring to it; stitch the flannel and lining separate; turn the seams together inside, bind the wrist, leaving the mitten open two inches on the under part of the hand, work a button hole on one side, sew a strong button on the other, and you will have a durable mitten.

"Old pieces of broadcloth, coatskirts and linings, backs of pantaloons, or old stocking legs, can be worked up well into these useful things for the hands of soldiers or farmers. I have tried them for years, and know of what I speak."

TO CURE SHEEP SKINS WITH THE WOOL ON.—Take one tablespoonful of alum and two of saltpetre; pulverize well and mix together thoroughly. Sprinkle this powder upon the flesh side of the skin and fold together with the wool out; hang up in a cool place. In two or three days, as soon as dry, take down and scrape the flesh with a blunt edged knife till clean. This completes the process. Such skins make excellent saddle covers.—*Michigan Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PRESERVES.—A very usual discovery is, that the preserve either ferments, grows mouldy, or becomes candied. These arise from 3 causes:—1st, insufficient boiling; 2d, being kept in a damp place, assisted, in degree, by the 1st cause; and the 3d, from too quick and too long boiling. Preserves should be kept entirely from the air, and in a dry place; not against a wall. They should be looked to, to see that they do not ferment. When they do, the syrup should be poured from them, scalded and turned back on them while hot. In boiling preserves, the sugar is constantly rising and falling, leaving marks on the side of the kettle, which the heat of the fire would soon burn. To avoid this have ready a piece of wet sponge, or towel, and wipe the sides from time to time.

In making a syrup for fruit which make little or no juice, as plums, &c., 1 gill water to each pound of sugar is enough.

STEWED APPLES.—When golden pippins or blush apples are ripe and cheapest, pare, core, sweeten and stew them; put them, boiling hot, into a hermetically sealed tin or stone jar, seal, and at Christmas you may have delicious fresh apple sauce, or make apple puddings baked in crust by adding eggs, &c.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 2, 24, 26, 19, 11, 20, 2, is a river in the United States.
My 3, 7, 8, 27, 3, is a city in Soudan.
My 4, 10, 13, 26, 27, is a range of mountains in Brazil.
My 6, 10, 14, 18, 21, 23, is a country in Europe.
My 7, 25, 19, 14, is a river in Europe.
My 11, 16, 26, 22, is a sea in Asia.
My 12, 18, 19, 2, 10, 15, 27, is a mountain in Syria.
My 17, 26, 5, 15, 27, 8, 9, is a river in Europe.
My 19, 4, 5, 8, 9, 15, is an island in Oceanica.
My 19, 4, 6, is a river in Europe.
My 23, 19, 5, 15, is a river in Europe.
My 26, 1, 4, 16, 16, is a river in Asia.

My whole is a distinguished military commander. GAHMEW.

LITERARY ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 2, 6, 27, 24, 18, 23, was a celebrated author.
My 7, 10, 19, 13, 36, 22, 5, 16, 19, 36, 34, 3, was a distinguished English writer.
My 35, 34, 23, 14, 24, 22, 9, 11, is one of our best American poets.
My 35, 6, 10, 36, 26, 8, 33, 27, 30, is well known in lexicography.
My 7, 15, 31, 19, 33, 17, is an editor of some repute.
My 24, 20, 36, 24, 35, 22, 13, 11, 34, 5, 12, 32, is the title of a volume by Mrs. Howitt.
My 25, 34, 35, 10, 22, 18, 3, is an English writer somewhat known in America.
My 7, 1, 13, 3, 17, 7, 34, 31, 20, 4, 3, 24, 26, 10, was the *nom de plume* of a beautiful writer.
My 21, 34, 16, 33, 10, 33, 35, 11, 6, 35, 3, 32, 13, 2, is a distinguished writer.
My 20, 6, 2, 30, 10, is an editor and proprietor of a Boston daily.

My whole is the title and author's name of a clever novel.

Bartlett, N. H. A. L. MESERVE.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 11, 15, is a very common beverage.
My 3, 18, 7, 10, is a young hawk.
My 5, 8, 1, is an insect.
My 6, 11, 5, 1, is a kind of fuel.
My 2, 9, 13, 6, is a fibrous plant.
My 4, 7, 13, 12, 16, is a boy's name.
My 14, 5, 10, 17, is a species of fish.

My whole excited considerable interest in the United States. ALBERT M. MARTIN.

Sugar Grove, Warren Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

My first denotes company,
My second shuns company,
My third assembles company,
My whole amuses company.

RIDDLE.

My first a baby does when you pinch it,
My second a lady says when she does not mean it,
My third exists and no one e'er has seen it,
My whole contains the world's best half within it.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A range of mountains in Austria.
A county in Illinois.
A gulf in Europe.
A city in Georgia.
A city in Pennsylvania.
A town in Soudan.

My initials form a country in Africa, and finals place of situation. F. R. W.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On a level plane there is a conical tower whose slant height is 100 feet, and the circumference of its base is 40 feet. To the top of this tower there is fastened a rope 600 yards long, which is wound spirally around the tower, from top to bottom, so that the distance between any two contiguous coils of the rope, measured on a line drawn along the slant side of the tower from the apex to the base, is always the same. A horse is fastened by the nose to the lower end of the rope where it touches the ground. Required—the nature of the *curve* the horse will describe while unwinding the rope, keeping it stretched tightly all the time, and his nose close to the ground; the distance he will travel, and the number of acres of ground it will be possible for him to graze over?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Divide $800 in such a manner that for every $100 that A gets, B shall receive $110. What did each get? PETER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a kiss like a sermon? Ans.—It requires two heads and an application.

☞ Why are teeth like verbs? Ans.—They are regular, irregular and defective.

☞ Was Eve High or Low Church? Ans.—Adam thought her Ere-angelical.

☞ If a bear were to go into a linen-draper's shop, what would he want? Ans.—He would want muzzlin'.

☞ Why is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies? Ans.—He takes every Miss for a Myth.

☞ When are weeds not weeds? Ans.—When they become widows.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

NATURAL HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Editors of the Saturday Evening Post. CHARADE.—Ram-rod. RIDDLE.—Bread—Beard. DOUBLE REBUS.—Missolad, in Africa. (Marari, Lapahan, Senegambia, Shelekof, Equador, Lipari, Atlantic, Dacota.) ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—$3434.40.